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The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 247

Week Ending
DECEMBER 8, 1923

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE MIDNIGHT RIDERS OF AMERICA

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THE HUNCHBACK OF BRESLAU

CRIPPLE WHO BECAME A WONDER MAN

What a Poor Working Boy
Did for the World

STEINMETZ THE WIZARD

Some remarkable accounts have been appearing of the life of the electrical wizard of America, Dr. Charles Steinmetz, to whose death the C.N. has already referred; and we return to his story because it is a wonderful encouragement to boys.

Steinmetz was born in Breslau, in Germany, in 1865, his father being in the Government railway service. The boy was a hunchback, stunted and twisted, with a head far too large for his distorted body; but it was one of the cleverest heads in the world.

At two German universities the dwarf made a special study of mathematics, electricity, and chemistry; but he did not take his degree in his native land, for he was a Socialist, and his Socialism was so outspoken that the German Government took steps to prosecute him. Owing to a timely warning he fled from Germany, and continued his studies at Zürich, in Switzerland.

A Steerage Passenger

There he met a young American of Danish origin, and they became chums. When his friend Asmussen received his fare to return home, he halved it with the little German refugee, and they travelled together to America, the wonderful Land of Promise, as steerage passengers.

It was by the merest chance that the moneyless hunchback was allowed to land in America at all, for he was stopped by the immigration officials as "likely to become a public charge." But his friend pleaded so hard for him that at last he was passed into the country which was presently to become so deeply indebted to the brain within that abnormal head.

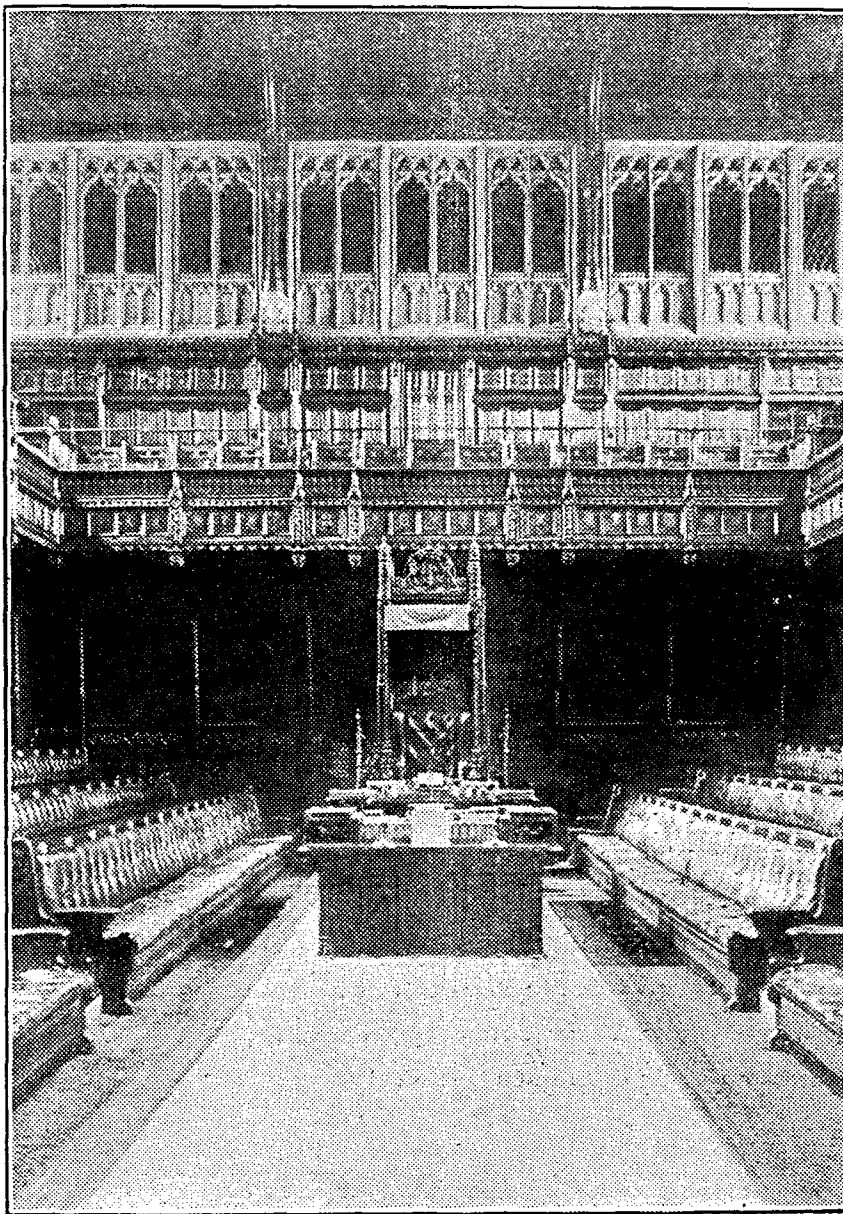
The Clever Factory Boy

Steinmetz only began to learn English when he set out on his steerage journey across the Atlantic. On his arrival he soon found work in a factory at fifty shillings a week.

The simplest of accidents brought him under the special notice of his employer. Passing through the room where Steinmetz was working, the employer was fuming with anger because he had stained his hands with a dye which his chemists could not remove; but Steinmetz interposed and suggested a diluted acid, which was at once perfectly effectual.

Straightway he was moved into the research laboratory, the very place he wished to reach, and where he afterwards made the electrical discoveries which brought him and his enterpris-

The Home of the New Parliament



Once more the House of Commons is the centre of the nation's interest. Probably before the new Parliament is old its debates will be broadcast by wireless, so that words spoken in this chamber can be listened to all over the country

ing company fame throughout the world. It was not long before he became the head of that laboratory, and was making discoveries which made his employers rich, and turned on him the eyes of all manufacturing electricians. When the great American General Electric Company was formed a huge salary was offered to him if he would join it as its chief consulting engineer, but he declined the offer, for money was not his aim, and, indeed, he believed that no one should take a salary larger than that of his fellow men. That was one of his Socialistic opinions which he lived up to throughout his life.

The General Electric Company was not, however, balked by such difficulties as that. They meant to have Steinmetz as their chief, so they bought up his employer's business, and took Steinmetz over with the plant. His scruples about salary were evaded by the company, which put aside £20,000 a year for his use, which he drew or did

not as he preferred. He did not draw from it for himself, but did use it freely to equip his laboratory. When he died it was found that he had accumulated only £400.

He liked smoking, and a good story is told of his entering the new offices of his new employers, and finding finely furnished rooms awaiting him, with a notice "No Smoking" on the walls. Under the words "No Smoking" he wrote "No Steinmetz," and went away, only to be called back very soon to smoke or not as he pleased.

His finely furnished rooms he stripped quite bare before he would work in them, and he worked kneeling on a stool before a plain board desk.

This was only one of a hundred eccentricities of this remarkable crippled genius; but American love of freedom overlooked all oddities, and recognised, with warm appreciation, the splendid genius that was housed in such a strange human form.

VOICES IN THE ARCTIC NIGHT POLAR MEN IN TOUCH WITH CIVILISATION

Music from Great Cities Reaches
the Explorers

PUZZLED ESKIMOS

Far in the Polar Circle the little schooner Bowdoin lies locked in the ice-pack some 700 miles from the Pole, but this settlement of explorers under Captain Donald McMillan is still linked with the busy world by the invisible chain of the wireless.

Already the C.N. has told how out of the sky there came to the ears of a listener-in at the radio station of Santa Catalina, a mysterious message, which turned out to be one sent out at a venture by the wireless operator on the exploring ship.

It seemed incredible that the weak instruments which the schooner had with it could send a message so far; but one message has followed another, so that now we hear almost day by day how the Arctic party is faring.

The Quivering Aurora

Benighted they are in the sense, that the long Polar night has descended on them, and their ways across the ice are lit only by the Moon and the stars and the fugitive, quivering aurora borealis; but in every other sense we learn that they are well and happy. They are the first Arctic party from whom wireless has brought regular news. And doubtless every future explorer in these wild wastes will seek to keep in touch with the world in the same way.

The latest message speaks of a heavy wind which has been blowing for two days; of a short northern trek in search of caribou and bear for the larder; and of fox-pie eaten round their fire. But what is of perpetual interest to themselves, and of wonder to the Eskimos who have visited them, is that they can listen-in to messages sent out from the greater radio stations of North America, and can catch sometimes the sound of music at concerts and theatres.

This little audience is surely the farthest removed from the busy hum of civilisation, the coldest physically, yet the warmest in interest, that the broadcasting artists in America have ever had! The Eskimos are greatly excited by a miracle which seems to them beyond belief. It must sound to them like what the poets call "the music of the spheres."

THE FROZEN BUTTERFLIES

The experimental freezing of a thousand butterflies at the Zoo in an ice-house, to see if they could be successfully thawed after this form of hibernation, has failed. A box of the frozen specimens was taken from the ice-house but the butterflies have died.

A BOTANY SURPRISE

SALIX REPENS

Story of a Rare Friend of the Fields

ANCESTORS OF OUR WOODS AND ORCHARDS

Our field naturalists move in a little world of romance whose wonders are hidden from the townsman. One of the most valuable of all the scores of species of willows is the *Salix repens*, whose fine, wire-like canes are worth about £75 a ton for the best basket work.

All such material has hitherto had to be imported from abroad, but a delightful surprise is announced. Mr. H. P. Hutchinson, of the National Fruit and Cider Institute at Long Ashton, near Bristol, has won fame as perhaps our only cultivator of this precious weed. For weed it has been with us, unregarded, unsuspected.

A Small Beginning

It happens that Mr. Hutchinson is a reader of old botanical literature as well as a worker with new growths; and, seeing in an ancient volume that the *Salix repens* once upon a time grew as a wild, creeping thing on certain sandy dunes in North Somerset, he set out to search for it.

The *Salix repens* was still there, modestly carrying on the business of life as it had done for a hundred generations before. So he took cuttings of it to Long Ashton, planted it, and there the prized willow has begun a new career under cultivation.

Great results may follow this small beginning, for there is no tree that takes more kindly to cultivation than the willow. The weeping willow, which graces so many scenes by stream and river and in our parks and gardens, began its British career even more precariously than the transplanted *Salix repens* has done.

The Basket of Figs

Our stocks are said to be derived from a single slip of weeping willow. The tree has an interest for us all, for it is the willow upon which the captive Israelites hung their harps when they were led prisoners into Babylon. A native of the Orient, the weeping willow was never thought possible as a success in our treacherous climate.

But about two centuries ago an English merchant named Vernon, trading with the East, received a consignment of figs enclosed in a basketwork of weeping willow reeds. Now, either he planted one of the slips in the garden of Pope, the poet, or Pope himself did so. There are two versions of the story.

In any event, it was in the poet's garden at Twickenham that the first weeping willow sprouted in England. The cutting became a tree, and cuttings were distributed for years in all directions; and from that one tree, sprung from an Aleppo basket of figs, all the English weeping willows descend. So there may be an equally happy future for Mr. Hutchinson's *Salix repens*.

Wild Ancestors

The fields and woods are full of stories like these. There flourishes in England today the sour crab apple tree; it is the ancestor of every variety of cultivated eating apple we have. The old wild pear is with us, a weed of the woods; the cabbage which gave us our savoy, broccoli, brussels sprouts, and the rest, still grows wild upon our warmer coasts in southern England; the wild turnip, parent of all turnips, remains a weed of the byways.

Fruits and flowers, grain and vegetables, are with us in a thousand named species, but their ancestors, ancient, unimproved, are with us still, though fugitives where once they were lords of the virgin soil.

A HERO AND HIS AGE

JOHN CLIFFORD'S ROAD TO FAME

Brave and Dauntless Fighter
With a Gentle Spirit

THE OLD MAN WHO WAS EVER YOUNG

Good men of all forms of faith have been recognising with a proud sorrow the death of Dr. Clifford.

No life ever lived forms a better subject of study for those who are young. He made his way entirely by his own efforts from a lowly cottage life of toil to high honour of the purest kind.

He was the oldest of a family of seven at Sawley, in Derbyshire, in the days when wages were very small. At eleven he was working in a Nottingham lace factory from six in the morning till six or eight at night, and often all the clock round at a stretch. Yet this boy, never strong physically, found time to educate himself with a rare thoroughness.

Unweary in Well-doing

Entering the college for general Baptist ministers at the age of 19, he was invited while yet a student to fill a London pulpit, and his incomplete studies were continued for years while he was building up the church at Westbourne Park, which he served for 57 years. All over the world men knew "John Clifford of Westbourne Park."

Not only did he, with unstinted labour, perform all the duties of a faithful pastor, but he took his B.A., M.A., and LL.B. degrees, always with honours, and at his M.A. he was bracketed first in the London University list.

The unrelenting industry of his youth and prime was never relaxed throughout his life of 87 years. To his persistent activity he attributed the youthfulness of spirit that remained with him to the last. No brighter example of the value of cheerful work can be found in human records.

His Force of Character

Often with great force of character and intensity of conviction goes some degree of the hardness which repels while it wins its way, but John Clifford had an inward gentleness of spirit that was never disturbed, and a breadth of mind that could understand and make allowances for all the differences of human thought and character. He was as broad and gentle as he was strong and earnest.

For such a man the death he died, a sudden transition while he stood at the post of duty among his friends—speaking one moment in the Baptist Council Room in the streaming roar of London, and the next moment falling back in his chair asleep—was gloriously fitting.

To thousands he must have been their human ideal of manly honesty, intellectual charity, and, above all, the love and piety that melt all opposition.

Portrait on page 12

SOMETHING NEW IN WIRELESS

A Wonderful Microphone

A new invention for wireless or ordinary telephony, likely to improve the transmission of speech in a really striking way, has been made by three German engineers.

It has no mechanical parts, such as the vibrating diaphragm, or membrane, of the ordinary mouthpieces in use at present. A small rod placed at the end of a trumpet is electrically heated to an incandescent state, which ionises the air and makes it conductive, and by merely speaking into the trumpet the variations in pressure caused by the sound waves alter the amount of current, and alternating currents are set up which transmit the sounds of the voice.

The telephone currents correspond absolutely to the voice, which can be perfectly reproduced.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

All the lines of the Austrian State railways are now being electrified.

A man at Upper Norwood, London, has lately died from injuries caused by a nail in his boot.

Japan has just bought 97 million feet of American timber to be used for rebuilding Tokio and Yokohama.

Typhoon in the Pacific

A typhoon has swept away telegraphs and railways in the Philippines and partly flooded Manila.

Stowe Avenue Saved

The wonderful avenue of trees leading to Stowe School, for which the C.N. appealed a few weeks ago, is now saved from the timber merchant.

A Prime Minister's Statue

Five thousand pounds has been offered in Ottawa for the best designs for a statue to Sir Wilfred Laurier, the late Prime Minister of Canada.

Schoolboy's Discovery

Frederick Forsyth, a Strood schoolboy, has found and given to Rochester Museum a flint axe probably 25,000 years old. It is nearly ten inches long.

Poultry by Rail

The National Poultry Council has called the attention of the Railway Committee to the great cruelty that goes on in sending live poultry by rail.

The Farmer's Post

The Postmaster-General and the Ministry of Agriculture are considering how they can promote a cash-on-delivery postal system for parcels from farms.

On the Road to Bethlehem

A stone seat has been set up on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in memory of Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist who painted *The Light of the World*.

A New Charing Cross Bridge

The Royal Institute of British Architects has appealed to the London County Council to push forward the scheme for a new Thames bridge at Charing Cross.

Motoring to Mecca

Lord Headley, who is a Mohammedan, has just made the pilgrimage to Mecca by means of a motor-car, the first time a car has been used for this purpose.

Winter Work

It is now said that the schemes being carried out to relieve unemployment this winter involve a sum over £100,000,000, and that they will engage 250,000 men.

Mrs. Biggs' Mrs. Wiggs

Kate Douglas Wiggin (who was Mrs. Biggs by marriage) has left a fortune of £100,000 made from her books. She won her popularity with *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

Solomon's Aqueducts

After all these years of disuse and decay three of the reservoirs built by Solomon at Jerusalem have been cleaned out to hold that city's fresh water supply. The water is brought in by an aqueduct, also built by the great Hebrew king.

The Longest English Word

At a medical exhibition in London recently an anaesthetic was shown called hydrochloride of dimethylamino-benzoyldimethylethylcarbinol. This word has 41 letters in it. Is there a longer word in the English language?

The Life Brigades

During the past year the Boys' Life Brigade has formed 84 new companies and added 2442 new boys. The total strength is now 23,844. The Girls' Life Brigade has added 35 companies and 1777 girls. It has 415 companies and 19,000 members.

General Feng's Army

The pictures of General Feng's wonderful army in the C.N. of November 24 were reproduced from an interesting little illustrated book called *General Feng, a Good Soldier of Jesus Christ*, published by the China Inland Mission. It is written by Mr. Marshall Broomhall, the Editorial Secretary of the Society, and tells the remarkable story of this Christian Chinese general and his men.

PARLIAMENTS COME AND GO

BUT THE NATION GOES ON STEADILY

Ship of State in the Turmoil of Elections

WHAT HAPPENS IN AMERICA

By Our Political Correspondent

The turmoil of the elections is over, and the new Government has time to settle, in its coming Christmas vacation, how it will plan its work to suit the views of the people of the country as they have just been expressed in the ballot-box.

The C.N. has always refrained, and will refrain, from entering into the heated strife of party politics. The leaders of each of the great political parties, whatever may be thought of the extreme men in each party, are, we believe, earnestly desirous of serving their country truly. The C.N. concentrates its interest on those principles of government and conduct that remain permanently true and vital.

A Commonsense System

Until we know exactly what the new Government proposes to do that will affect those principles, we shall abstain from comments that could only be based on hopes or on fears.

In this moment of pause, before the battle in Parliament is begun, it may be timely to point out how happily our country is placed through the strong common-sense character of our system of government, which has grown up through past ages. Parties succeed or fail, but the Ship of State sails through it all on an even keel, without much harm being done, or any approach to wreckage or dangerous change.

The personnel of the well-trained men who carry on the business of the Government remains unchanged. The spoils that fall to the share of the party victors are few.

The Village Postmaster Goes

Look, in contrast, at what happens when there is an electoral upheaval in the American Republic, with a Constitution supposed to be democratic. There a change in Government means a change throughout the whole country in the men who hold office, from the bottom to the top of the whole system of administration. One set of people go out, and another set take their places. From the village post offices inland to the Customs officials on the coast, men give up their posts and a fresh batch of officials take their place.

Abroad, the whole of the American public service is replaced. Ambassadors who have served their country with dignity and high distinction are withdrawn. Consuls who have helped Americans in every land, in business or travel, are scrapped suddenly, and a favoured selection from the supporters of the victorious party arrive to take their places. Continuity of service is broken up. Government sinks into a system of rewards for party fervour.

Carrying on the Nation's Business

In this country, though party warfare has been earnest and even fierce in the last few weeks, it had scarcely any discernible effect on the steady machinery of national government. A trained State service continuously carries on the traditions of fair and just administration of the country's laws, and there is no dislocation of the nation's public business. Faithful service is awaiting the orders of the party now trusted with parliamentary power, and whatever has to be done on fresh lines will be toned down into harmony with the spirit of the British race as it has been expressed in the long past.

That is one great reason why, when the fever of election time subsides, the people of the country may be sure that stability will remain.

AN EMPIRE'S VOICE

GENERAL SMUTS AND HIS CAREER

South African Leader Who is Calling Europe to Peace

SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

By people all over the world, General Smuts is called one of the special glories of the British Commonwealth of Nations. They say, and they say truly, that in no other empire and in no other country could such a career as his be possible.

Jan Christian Smuts was one of the Big Four on the Boer side in the South African War, just over twenty years ago. Along with Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, he kept up the famous guerilla campaign against the great army commanded by Kitchener for many months after the war had come to an end.

He was not, like the other Boer generals, a farmer. He was a lawyer, and a graduate of Cambridge University; a statesman with a European education and with a splendid power of speech in the English tongue.

Pulling Together

It was Smuts who, more than any of his Boer colleagues, worked with Kitchener to bring about a good settlement in 1902. He and Kitchener pulled together like friends in order to make sure that when the soldiers went home the bitterness of the long war should die down as soon as possible. Smuts has told the story of how, when the negotiations seemed in danger of breaking down, Kitchener took him aside and told him that, if the Boer leaders accepted the terms then offered, they might look forward to gaining a free constitution for their country in the course of a few years, when a general election brought the Liberals into power again. "That," said Smuts, "accomplished the peace."

A Great Welcome

A few months after the close of the Boer War, Smuts and his fellow generals were in England. They enjoyed the tremendous welcome which the British people have always delighted to give to a gallant foe; and only four years later Botha and Smuts took part in the making of the new Union of South Africa, which stands as one of the greatest triumphs of British colonial policy, and the reward for which came in 1914.

At the head of a South African force, Smuts carried through the conquest of German East Africa; and when that was done he came to London to be a member of the Imperial War Cabinet. In 1917 his speeches on the aims of the British Commonwealth in war and peace were among the most inspiring utterances of the war time.

An Appeal to the People

The death of Botha in 1919 made General Smuts Prime Minister. He was present all through the sittings of the Peace Conference in Paris, and he stood next in importance and influence to Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Wilson. He signed the treaty on behalf of South Africa; but, having done so, he published an appeal to all the peoples, in which he confessed that the Peace, as it had come out, was a very different thing from the Peace the world had been hoping for. He believed that the Treaty of Versailles contained much that was unwise and wrong, but he had put his signature to it because Europe had need of peace without delay.

It was known from his last speech in South Africa, from which we have already quoted in the C.N., that Smuts would be called upon once more to play a great part in the counsels of the Dominion Prime Ministers; and his great speech at the Savoy Hotel has been hailed all over the world as a call to peace, to work, and to faith.

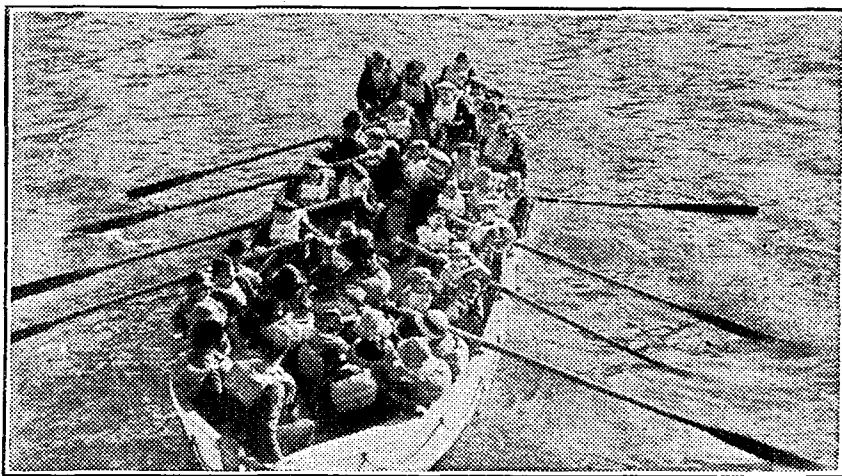
SAFETY FIRST ON A BRITISH LINER



The ship's crew man the boats



The boats reach the water



A boat with its crew and full complement of passengers

The greatest care is now taken to ensure the safety of all passengers on the great liners, and frequent drills are held to see that the lifeboats are in order and their crews efficient. Here we see a recent "Abandon Ship" drill on board the Cunard liner Aquitania.

SOMETHING GOOD FROM THE PROVINCES

MR. BARRY JACKSON AND HIS WORK

The Man who Wants to Give the Poor the Best Seats

THEATRES AS THEY SHOULD BE

By Our Art Correspondent

It is only a few weeks since we were rejoicing in the new lease of life given to the Old Vic, the most wonderful theatre in England; and now we find there is another theatre which bids fair to be as wonderful, but in another way.

This is the Regent Theatre at King's Cross. Great things are being done there by that good man Mr. Barry Jackson of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Londoners are apt to look down on the provinces. To theatre-goers, the provinces are the places where new plays are tried to see if they are good enough to be brought to London.

In Elizabeth's Day

Mr. Barry Jackson is helping to turn that idea inside out. He founded the Repertory Theatre at Birmingham in 1913, and more work of the kind that matters has been done there than in any London theatre, except the Old Vic.

Mr. Jackson has two great ideals: to produce the very finest plays he can find, regardless of cost, and to arrange his theatre in such a way that poor folk, like students and teachers and artists, and young men and women earning their own living, can have the best seats. In the days of the Elizabethan theatres there were no stalls for the grandees; the pit stretched right up to the stage. "That was as it should be," says Mr. Jackson. "I should like to see the front seats in a theatre only half-a-crown."

All this means more to England than we know. It means that really fine plays which touch the heart and soul, not merely amusing us for a couple of hours, are going to be produced here.

The Dream-Blue of the Wood

Mr. Jackson built the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in his own fashion, with seats rising in tiers from floor to roof. The theatre is self-productive; the scenery and stage settings and dresses are made on the premises.

And now Mr. Jackson is casting about for more than one theatre in London where he can produce beautiful things like *The Immortal Hour*, Mr. Rutland Boughton's fairy opera. He has already taken the Regent Theatre, and thousands of people who only know him by name are blessing Mr. Jackson for making it possible for them to see *The Immortal Hour* again. There has never been anything like it before. We can close our eyes now and see the dream-blue of the dusky wood, and we can hear the song that called Etain back to her own spiritual land: *How beautiful they are, the lordly ones*.

A Musical People

At Christmas-time Mr. Jackson is going to produce at the Regent another music-play by Mr. Boughton, his beautiful *Bethlehem*. This is founded on very early Nativity plays, produced in England 600 years ago, before people could read or write. The composer has also made use of many early carols.

So that by means of this idealist, Mr. Barry Jackson, who cares nothing for money and only for great and lovely things, we are to be shown something of our own, something that belongs to the times when the English were a great artistic and musical people.

A great deal more, we hear, is going to happen at the Regent Theatre—plays and operas which have not been produced in London for a long time, because they were too good, alas! to draw crowds. We feel we should all like to say: "Thank you, Mr. Barry Jackson. Please go on with your great work."

WAGNER'S WIDOW A HANDSOME BRITISH CHEQUE

The Bond that Binds All
Hearts as One

BRITISH OPERA COMPANY'S
KINDLY THOUGHT

The news that the widow of Wagner, the great musician, was living in Bavaria in a state of great poverty has moved deeply the hearts of music-loving people, and especially the members of the British National Opera Company. They decided to give a performance of one of Wagner's song-dramas for his widow's relief.

The result has been very delightful from every point of view. The generous performers were well supported by the public. The money taken for seats amounted to £456 after £98 had been deducted for entertainment tax.

But a clause in the Act which imposed the entertainment tax says that where all the proceeds of a performance for a charity are given to the charity in question the tax shall not be retained by the Excise Department.

A Gracious Act

The whole of the proceeds of this Wagner performance were reserved for Frau Wagner, and consequently the clause remitting entertainment tax comes into operation. The last act in this fine drama of charity is the receipt of a cheque for £98 from the Board of Customs and Excise, returning the whole of the entertainment tax; so Frau Wagner will be relieved by receiving £554, the takings at the performance, without any reductions.

It is an amount of English money which, when changed into German, will look very large indeed, and will alter for the time being the sad circumstances of the great musician's widow.

All kind-hearted people will feel grateful to the performers for their thoughtful loyalty to one of the world's benefactors, for genius like that of Wagner overflows national boundaries and belongs to all the world.

The C.N. is specially glad that, at this time, while her own country is unable to help her in her misery, the widow of Wagner should have received substantial relief from England, including nearly £100 from the British taxpayer.

FOUR ACRES AND A WOOD

Our Right in the Earth

Every man, woman, and child on the Earth's surface is the rightful inheritor of four acres of woodland, if we could suppose all the world's forests divided up equally among them.

That is the computation made by Mr. R. W. Sparhawk and Mr. R. Zon, two American forestry experts.

One fifth of the Earth's surface is covered with woodland and forest. The soft woods are most in demand, but, great as are the inroads made by man, four-fifths of the spruce and pine thus cut down are replaced by Nature. The temperate zone hard woods—oak, maple, ash, walnut—and the tropical hard woods can still hold their own against man.

Of the 56 billion cubic feet of wood cut down each year, 26 billion go to make things and 30 billion are made use of as firewood.

ACROSS THE SAHARA New African Motor-way

A French military party is planning an eight-month trip across Northern Africa, from Oran, on the Mediterranean, to the River Niger, in order to discover the best motor-car route, preparatory to the laying of a railway.

The party will travel by caterpillar cars through the sands of the Sahara Desert, and will have an aeroplane for use in emergencies.

THE ROUNDELS OF SOUTH KENSINGTON

Things New and Old

LITTLE TREASURES OF
STAINED GLASS

By Our Art Correspondent

Next time we go to South Kensington we should look for six beautiful circles of old stained glass, called roundels, which have now been added to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

They are the work of craftsmen in the early fifteenth century, when the labour of glass staining was a precious art in England.

The roundels are part of a set showing the labours of the months—a subject that employed many artists in those times. For March there is a man pruning vines; in June, wearing a curious head-dress, he is weeding with an instrument not unlike a pair of tongs; July shows people haymaking; in August reaping; in October harrowing and sowing; the December roundel pictures a feast in the king's hall.

There are not many sets of roundels like this in existence, and they are delightful to us because of the artless way the scenes are shown, without any regard to true perspective. We can learn



The Roundel for December

a lot of pleasant details of fourteenth and fifteenth century life from them: dress and habits and farming tools.

The one we shall all want to look at again and again is the December roundel, where the king, wearing his crown most carefully, sits at a crooked table on a crooked floor; a servant is kneeling on one knee offering a crooked platter, and a harper stands crookedly playing on his instrument.

The man who made these roundels must have loved them and worked slowly, putting on the stain and scratching out the high lights with care, and felt happy and proud when they were done. We should feel happy and proud looking at them.

A good deal of stained-glass work is done today in imitation of English and Flemish fifteenth-century work, but there is something in these roundels that cannot be copied—a simplicity and artlessness of purpose, a thought that is not burdened with much knowledge, and a childlike joy in the work.

JERSEY WISHES TO STAND ALONE

What the People Think

The people of Jersey have refused to pay the £325,000 annually which the British authorities have thought was the share of the island in the cost of the war.

Jersey thinks it will have done its share if it pays the pensions and allowances of the Jersey men who took part in the war. This excludes the cost of arming the men and sustaining them in the field.

Jersey has always had a constitution of its own, and it fears being mixed up indiscriminately with Great Britain.

LOOKING FOR THE FISH

How the Fisherman May
Choose His Ground

SECRETS OF THE FLOOR
OF THE SEA

Nearly fifteen years ago an exploration of the bottom of the North Sea was made from the Scottish border to the Straits of Dover, and 600 samples of material were collected from various parts by a number of steamers.

The study of these different gravels, sands, and silts has taken many years, but at length a report has been issued by the Minister of Agriculture.

Each kind of ground on the floor of the sea has been found to be associated with an abundance or a scarcity of some particular kind of fish, and the report will thus be of great value to fishermen in foggy weather, because they will be able to collect a sample of sand from the bed of the sea, and to tell from its appearance whether they are in a favourable spot for dropping their nets.

The varying nature of the floor of the sea is also a great guide to navigators in foggy weather, and much of the work which appears in the report proved of great value during the war.

OLD FRIENDS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Books that are Ever Welcome

Many old friends of C.N. homes come to us in a beautiful new dress.

They belong to Hodder and Stoughton's New Golden Series of Colour Books, priced at 7s. 6d., and are very suitable for Christmas presents to good and intelligent children. The books are all generously and gloriously illustrated, and each of them is a favourite which can never wear out its welcome.

Mr. Laurence Housman retells, as if to the manner born, eight of the Arabian Nights Stories, and the plates in colour, delightful of their kind, are by Edmund Dulac. Among the other volumes are Barrie's Peter Pan and Wendy, illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell; Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, with colour and line drawings by W. Heath Robinson; Kingsley's Water Babies, with colour pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith; Gulliver's Travels, with colour and line drawings by R. C. Mossa; Alice in Wonderland, with Gwynedd M. Hudson as illustrator; and Miss Alcott's Little Women, illustrated in colour by M. E. Gray.

These fine stories have rarely been more handsomely produced, and never at so cheap a price.

THE VILLAGE PLAYERS C.N. Help for Oberammergau

We very gladly print this letter from Miss C. F. Seale, who writes from St. Mary's Home, 128A, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, to thank the C.N. readers who have sent help for the village players of Oberammergau.

Please accept my most grateful thanks for your reference to the villagers of Oberammergau. I have had a wonderful response.

It has brought us over 100 letters from all parts, 34 special orders for carvings, and £28 6s. 8d. in donations. I have been able to send work out to several individual carvers, to help very poor families, including six widows, and now I am sending money out to the priest of the village, with which he is going to distribute every day as long as the money lasts bread and milk to some of the poorest people.

It is a great joy to feel that through your splendid paper we are able to do so much for these wonderful people, suffering so terribly just now.

THE MEN WHO ACT FOR BRITAIN

Our Great Civil Service
THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE
AND FAIR PLAY

By Our Political Correspondent

The firm foundation of the world-wide British Empire is that it exists for the permanent good of mankind.

The pride of conquest is a delusive dream. The pride of wealth is a vulgar show. The pride of power is a dangerous challenge to envy and strife.

Only the duty of human helpfulness, a duty wide as mankind and deep as the best instincts of the human heart, endures unshakable. Therefore it is with a glow of satisfaction that we have seen so observant a man as General Smuts paying his tribute of admiration to the men who throughout the world act for the British race, our fine Civil Service.

These men of the Civil Service, spread over the world, are our men. They stand before all races as the visible and constantly acting representatives of all that is British. They, more than any other men, are Britain abroad. Do they stand for the truest ideals of our country?

The Strength of the Empire

Hear what General Smuts, who once fought bravely against us, says from his standpoint of an observer:

He did not think that ever on Earth there had been such an opportunity as the Empire presented of gaining experience in the government of men; and the result had been a spirit of breadth, wisdom, and moderation of inestimable value.

When our people came into touch with other races they knew how to deal with them in a spirit of broad sympathy and humanity such as probably no other country showed.

A small body of men, in a spirit of justice, fair play, and integrity, had governed hundreds of millions of human beings. The same phenomenon appeared all over the Empire.

As long as our public service continued to be just, humane, helpful, and incorruptible, as it had been in the past, this Empire would endure, and would see an even greater contribution to human happiness and welfare than it had seen in the past.

The belief of General Smuts is, then, that we are, broadly speaking, acting up to our ideals. To do so is a tradition in the Service that is honourably preserved. No nation indulges in self-criticism so freely and constantly as we do; but that indulgence should not blind us to the broad and comforting truth that our country does not stand in the world for selfish pride, or gain, or power, but uses the great position she has attained for purposes helpful to all mankind.

COURAGE

Henry Ford's Secret

Mr. Ford has been celebrating his 60th birthday, and has been giving some advice on how to win success in life and in business.

His success, he said, had been based on absence of fear for the future, with a veneration for the past. "To fear failure is to set a limit on one's activities. To fail means only opportunity to begin again successfully. Disgrace is not in failure, but in fearing to fail."

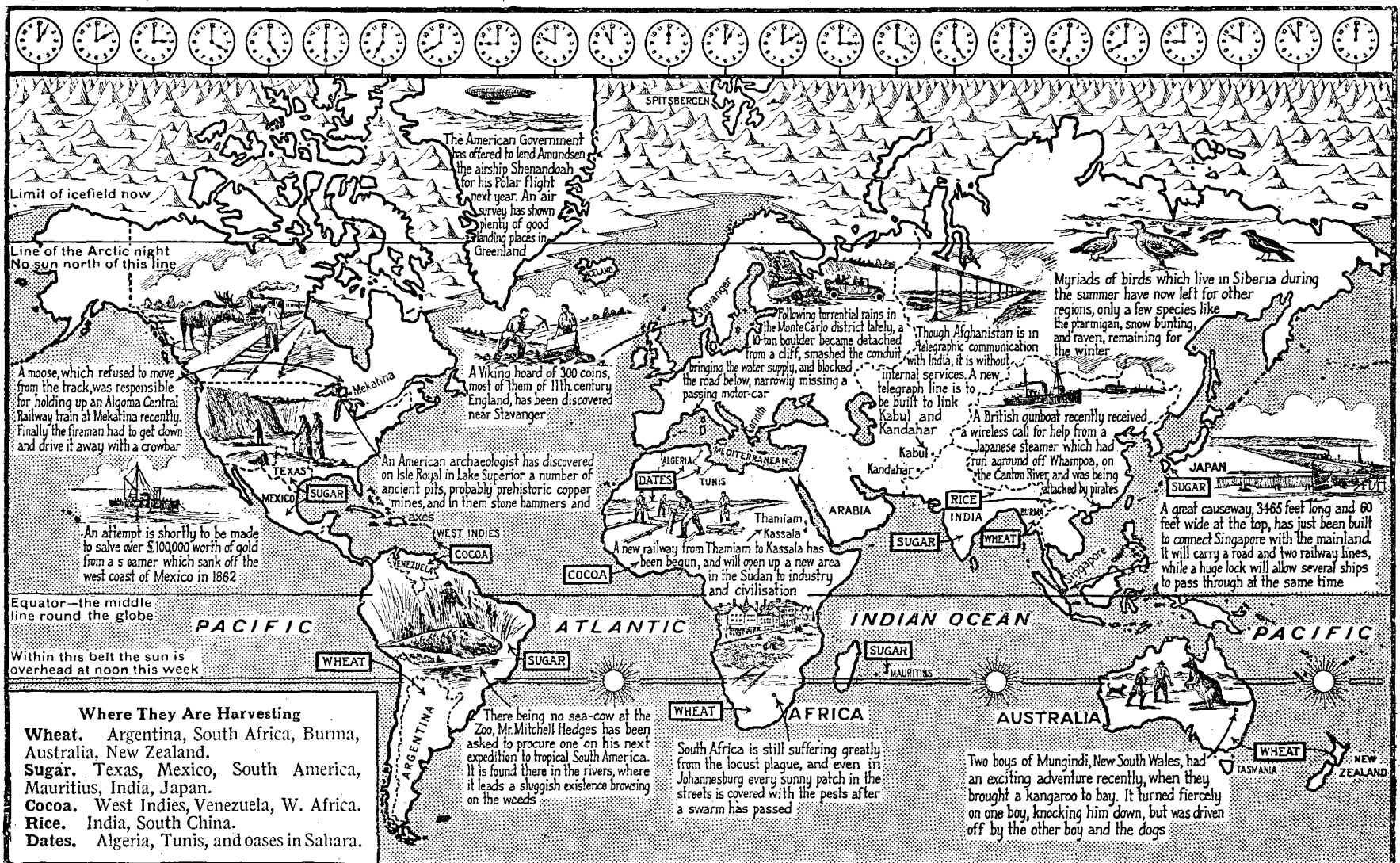
In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

MS. of J. Conrad's "Victory" . . . £1620
MS. of Joseph Conrad's first book £1060
A mezzotint by J. Raphael Smith £875
A 3-page letter by Robert Burns £492
A Chinese lacquer screen . . . £198
A Tudor tent bedstead in oak . . £105
Water-colour of old Temple Bar . £102
Pair of George II candlesticks . £83
Queen Anne grandfather clock . £72
A Persian prayer rug . . . £52

Thirteen leaves of vellum, forming the household expenses book of Queen Elizabeth when at Hatfield, realised £360.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PITIFUL FATE OF A NATION

A Home for 50,000 Armenians

Something is being done for the remnants of the homeless Armenian nation. Vast numbers of this persecuted race have perished, and the rest are scattered, except that a central group of them remains in the Armenian mountains between Asiatic Turkey and the Republic of Georgia. There they find comparative peace in the Armenian Republic, which has a Soviet character.

A scheme is now about to be carried out, with the help of the League of Nations, whereby 50,000, out of 120,000 Armenians who have been sheltering in Greece will be transferred to the neighbourhood of Erivan to begin life afresh on an uninhabited plain.

It is calculated that the cost of this removal and re-settlement will be a million pounds. The transportation will cost about £100,000; the building of houses £200,000; irrigation £400,000; and the rest of the money will be spent in feeding the refugees until they become self-supporting.

Still there will be about a quarter of a million Armenians without a national home. It is a pitiful sequel to the calamitous history of an ancient people, and it is due to the quarrellings of nations for the last 20 years.

THE PILL-BOXES

Too Strong to Smash

When the Germans retreated from France they left behind 6000 of the little concrete forts which used to be called pill-boxes, designed for a few men and a machine gun.

After destroying about 4000 of these, with much difficulty and at great cost, the French are now leaving the rest undisturbed, and are paying the farmers for the land on which they stand so stubbornly.

SEEING BY WIRELESS
A Great Thing on the Way

Shall we ever be able to see across the Atlantic? Some of the experiments which M. Edouard Belin has been making, and which he has lately described before the Society of Arts, make us think it is far from impossible.

Already, as is well known, impressions of handwriting, of drawings made in line, and even of the arrangements of finely-stippled dots which make up a black-and-white picture in the C.N., can be telegraphed over wires. It is done with the help of certain selenium cells which are sensitive to differences of light, and transmit different electric messages according to variations of the light flashed on and reflected from the drawings.

M. Belin says that sooner or later similar light-messages will be flashed across space without wires. Already he has been able to transmit by wireless impressions of stippled pictures.

It is only one step farther to transmit images of things as they happen.

SELF-DEFENCE

Interesting Point of the Law

The Recorder of the City of London has just been explaining an interesting point of the law.

It may be a surprise to many people, he says, that fighting is illegal in this country; and, at any rate, a very interesting point is well established—that a person is not allowed to injure another in self-defence until he has first retreated as far as he can. If he has done that he may be held guiltless; but should a man cause death in self-defence before he has retreated as far as possible it is manslaughter.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bison	Bi-son
Hyades	Hi-a-deez
Morea	Mo-re-ah
Orion	O-ri-on
Rigel	Ri-gel

THE LOVELY BIRDS
Beauty and Song

A Gloucestershire reader wishes to lead us into a discussion of the relative merits of different birds in beauty and in attractiveness of song.

But, of course, there is no standard by which we can judge either beauty or song. It is all a question of individual taste. A score of bird-lovers would make out a score of lists, and who could decide between them?

There would be little difference of opinion as to the selection for beauty, either in colour, shape, movements, or song, of, say, thirty birds; but the placing of them in order of preference would bring out a wide variation in taste, and taste does not admit of any satisfactory measurement. Besides, judgment would be confused by the rarity in some districts of birds that are common in others.

It is delightful to know that our readers are watching birds with a friendly eye; but we fear the birds cannot be arranged in any order of preference that would be satisfactory to us all.

THE LAND WHERE HARD WORK COUNTS

British Harvesters in Canada

A great number of the British harvesters who went to Canada this year have found permanent positions, and are remaining there.

There have undoubtedly been a few cases of hardship, but these have been tremendously magnified, for, as a rule, all the men who were really anxious to work did not have much difficulty in getting some.

Canada is a land of wonderful opportunity for the man who is willing to work hard.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE
What He Did in the Bush

In a Red Indian boy who ran from school at Big Eddy, in Manitoba, the last of the Mohicans seems to live again.

The school is for the Indian children of the tribes who live in the United States Reservation there, and this one was given the name of George MacLeod.

Something of Scottish stubbornness, as well as of the Indian's wandering will, must have been in George's mind, for, though he was only nine, he fled from his teachers and took to the Manitoba wilderness with nothing but a knife and a box of matches.

He made himself a bow and arrows, and with them he managed to shoot rabbits and chickens. Fish were easy prey for him; and, having the true freebooter's soul, he helped himself to some bannocks from the cabin of a fur-trapper. With these aids to the simple life he supported himself for nearly three weeks before somebody picked him up, a hundred miles away from the Big Eddy boarding school.

MAKING SHOPS
ATTRACTIVE

The Art of Lighting Buildings

The art of lighting shop windows and the exterior of shop buildings at night is still in its infancy, but it is moving forward. There is no doubt we shall one day see the shops looking much more attractive at night than they do now.

Instead of putting up the shutters in the evening, or darkening the shop-front, the street will be brightened by making each window a picture of light.

Special lamps are now made to illumine buildings without disfiguring them. Thus at Selfridge's we may see the fine pillars, cornice, and other architectural features brought into strong relief by great electrical reflectors which give a brilliant upward illumination. The effect is very fine, and—unlike most of the garish illuminating signs—artistic.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 8 1923

John Clifford the Factory Boy

TO some of us the world seems strange without John Clifford. This boy who 75 years ago was tying up threads at a lace machine had made himself part of the life of England.

There never was a man like him, and never will there be a better. He was one of those men whose presence in a nation raises the standard of all the people in it. It is the glow of great men that makes the history of our race one of the imperishable things of the Earth, and John Clifford was of that noble line.

The life of man, we read, is three score years and ten, but more than three score years and ten ago John Clifford was getting up at six in the morning to work in a factory. Had you seen him then, trudging through the streets of Nottingham on dark mornings, you would have seen in his face the promise of what was coming, for the boy was father of the man.

He loved his mother, he loved his work, he loved his books. He would not have taken any money for the copy of Emerson his teacher gave him 70 years ago. It helped to make him. The ringing optimism of Ralph Waldo Emerson stirred through the whole life of John Clifford, and it never failed him. Nothing could break his faith that all is well; nothing could shake the spirit of this man who lived like a boy for 87 years; nothing could dim the vision that made life for him a bright and wonderful thing.

He went from end to end of England crusading, and everywhere the people followed him. Long after you and I have followed him to where he is, John Clifford will stand in history with John Wesley.

He was full of kindness and fun; he had a word for all, and a merry twinkle in his eye. He loved a good story, and one sees him still taking out his pencil on the platform to make a note of it for his wife. What our greatest newspaper said of him is true:

As the shadows lengthened round him, to his friends his character seemed to take an added sweetness and moral grandeur, and they looked upon him with a strange awe and love, conscious that he stood alone, and that they would never see his like again.

We never shall. He was the rarest friend and the rarest fighter and the rarest man. Many times a note of affection and good cheer has come to our desk from John Clifford, and if his spirit is not in this paper nothing is in anything. For the boys of the country he loved and served we can wish no better thing than that they should be as true, as courageous, as selfless, as chivalrous, as unwearying in well-doing as he was.

Men wonder how the world is to be saved. There is one way only; it is John Clifford's way. A.M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Our Overworked Statesmen

THERE is a story told of Bismarck that one night he fell into a mournful mood and spoke of his life as a failure, saying he had made more people unhappy than any other man of his generation. He was thinking of the wars he had waged.

If the rulers of the world realised that it is their simple duty to make people happy, there would be no more wars, no more oppressions, and no more waste of precious time.

You can make people happy with very little labour. It takes a lot of useless and wicked work to make them unhappy.

Here is a Strange Tale

THE other day this advertisement appeared in the Personal column of The Times:

To Members of The Times Book Club—Found, some Treasury Notes in a book received from the Club in July last. Loser should write to Box C.1298.

All sorts of ideas occur to the mind. How honest! How pleasant to think that there are people who, rather than keep what they find in this way, take the trouble to advertise for the owner! How careless of people to leave Treasury Notes in a book!

And then we notice that the book was received by the advertiser in July. What a long time to wait before advertising! Has he only just opened the book? Or has he been fighting with his conscience since July?

Quite a romance! We wish that both loser and finder would tell their story. Our columns are open to them.

The Difference

By Peter Puck

RAIN in the country is said to have ruined this year's potato crop. On the other hand, a good downpour in London turns us all into Tubers.

A Word to the Railways

WE heartily congratulate the great catering firm that has refused to go on with its contract to supply refreshments at the stations of the South Eastern and Chatham lines because the Southern Company refuse to provide proper refreshment-rooms for the travelling public.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this exposure will bring about a better state of things on many of our railways. A number of excellent improvements are to be noted, but too often the railway traveller, when most in need of rest and refreshment, is denied them by the railway companies.

Surely it might occur to the officials that they are losing a big revenue by not making proper provision in this way. It is a case in which consideration for the public would find a plentiful reward. Most of us are tired of the hard railway sandwich, the fly-blown bun, and the musty egg.

The Bitter End

I SHALL go on, says the obstinate man, to the bitter end.

In his case the end may indeed be bitter, but the phrase is a strange corruption of sailor's language. A ship in a gale lets down her anchor and the cable runs out to the better end—that is, the sound end of the rope which is seldom used, and so is in better condition than the other end.

We get our phrase from the cheerful sea and give it a bitter turn.

Tip-Cat

MR. ASQUITH and Mr. Lloyd George went to the country with a joint programme. They must have lost the vegetarian vote.

GOING to bed tired is a bad habit. Getting up tired is worse.

MISS ANGELA MORGAN is being boomed as a poet. She says in an interview: "I feel that there are many selves within me—a blue or a larkspur mood!" With such flowers of speech at her command, we do not wonder Miss Morgan became a budding author at an early age.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

What good
looking girls are
like when they
are not looking

A TEACHER wishes history could be made pleasanter. But would it be history then?

THE Scots are said to worship success. Their only failing.

WE are warned that Protection

will destroy the volume of our trade. The Protectionist, apparently, is only a bookworm in disguise.

ONLY a fraction of the Air establishment work in the air. The rest must be getting suffocated.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: Do motor-cars make us lazy? He wouldn't think so if he saw us dodging them.

The Goat in the Dictionary

A reader who has been looking into the Dictionary, and turned it up at Goat, sends us this note.

ONE of our natural exclamations, when we hear of a calamity, is the phrase: *What a tragedy!*

How many of us know that the word tragedy comes to us from the Greek word for a goat? There is no clear account of how the word came to signify a solemn or terrible piece of literature, but it would seem that in some of their ancient rites the Greeks took a goat to represent a god and sacrificed it on an altar. In England the ancient sign of Goat and Compasses for an inn is a corruption of *God Encompasses Us*.

Bumping Through

By Peter Puck

OUR mothers bump us up and down

In bumpety-bumpety laps,
And now we bump in bus and tram,

In taxis, trains, and traps.
We bump about in ships and boats,
On bikes and donkeys' backs;
In short, we can't escape a bump
On all our earthly tracks.

UNTIL we live in aeroplanes
And glide through even air
We're bound to go on bumping,
bump-
ing, bumping everywhere;
For roads are rough and rails are hard,

And waves are full of strife,
So we must bump our way along
The ups and downs of life.

BUT this is why the human race
Is such a frightful mixture;
So shaken up, how can a man
Become a household fixture?

In Memory

WE select the following from the further inscriptions which readers have added to our list of the sayings recorded on memorials to our Heroes.

In the village of Binegar, near Bath, the lines in the church are:

Who more than life can give?
Because they died we live.

In memory of men of the parish of St. Barnabas, Hove, the inscription on the Memorial Hall reads:

Their names here recorded stand to prove to generations yet unborn how strangely high endeavour may be blest when piety and valour jointly go.

In memory of 164 men of Inverurie the lines on the monument are:

At the going down of the Sun and in the morning we will remember them.

In a French village these lines appear to British soldiers who fell in France:

With genuine courage, with faith in God and love for the Fatherland, our heroes passed from death to eternal life.

A reader in Spain reminds us of this inscription by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, though we do not know where it appears:

Still to the last of crumbling time
Upon this stone be read
How many men of England died
To prove they were not dead.

At Hinderwell, in Yorkshire, are these two lines:

Pass not this stone in sorrow but in pride,
And live your lives as nobly as they died.

A Prayer for Strength

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy will with love.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

HOW BECKY RISES IN THE WORLD

HUMANITY AT SCHOOL

The Kindliness of a Great Education System

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

There always have been, and always will be, people who view with suspicion the cost of public education; but that is because they do not realise how wide the work of education is, and how much real goodness may be concealed under what look like stiff, official ways.

If we want to know what is being done on our behalf in the name of education we may have a glimpse of one part of it by reading the annual report of Sir George Newman, the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education. It is a most human document, and we must all regret that the Government is not a better publisher, with a better understanding of how reading matter should be given to the world.

Milk at School

Sir George Newman's report tells us how lives are being saved—yes, absolutely saved. To make it clear and definite he traces the school life-story, from the medical point of view, of one little London scholar.

Becky first went to school at the age of five, and was examined by the school doctor, who found she had defective teeth, was underfed, and ought to have milk. So she was given milk at the school, toward the cost of which her mother had to pay 3d. a week. But this was stopped because the mother preferred to give her the milk at home.

The next year Becky, aged six, was reported "pale and heavy-eyed," most delicate, and needing observation. Milk at school was an "urgent matter," and it was given to Becky.

Becky's History

Next Becky comes for observation under the N.S.P.C.C. It is not her mother's fault. Her mother has been married before, and has a son nineteen years old who is the mainstay of the family, to which he contributes 18s. a week. The mother's second marriage took place about 14 years ago. Several children have died, and Becky, aged 6, is the oldest of the second family. There are three younger, the youngest being eight months old. The father, who is a hawker, drunken and consumptive, only provides 33s. or 34s. a week toward keeping the family, and ill-treats his wife.

The stepson objects to the father's ways and during the night a fight follows, in which the mother has her head cut open while trying to part her son and husband. The father summons her son, who goes away and joins the Navy, and the poverty of the family is increased.

A Transformation

The mother now asks for meals at the school, and it is only by school-feeding that the children are kept alive. Becky continues to have school milk. She is very thin, has a bad cough, and her sight is now defective.

After this the father is rather better to the children, though he wakes them up at two o'clock in the morning to eat the remains of fruit he has not sold from his barrow. He is now seriously consumptive. Becky, aged 8, is also attending a dispensary for tuberculosis. She still has dinners and milk at school. In addition to bad sight, her teeth are

BELLS THAT GUIDE THE TRAVELLER HOME

TWELVE weeks before Christmas, on six successive Sunday evenings, the bells of Newark Parish Church, in Nottinghamshire, peal out to the countryside the "Gofer" ring.

This "Ringing for Gofer," as the custom is called, dates back some centuries, to the time when Sherwood Forest extended to Newark. Sherwood Forest, once the home of Robin Hood, was even at that time the haunt of robbers.

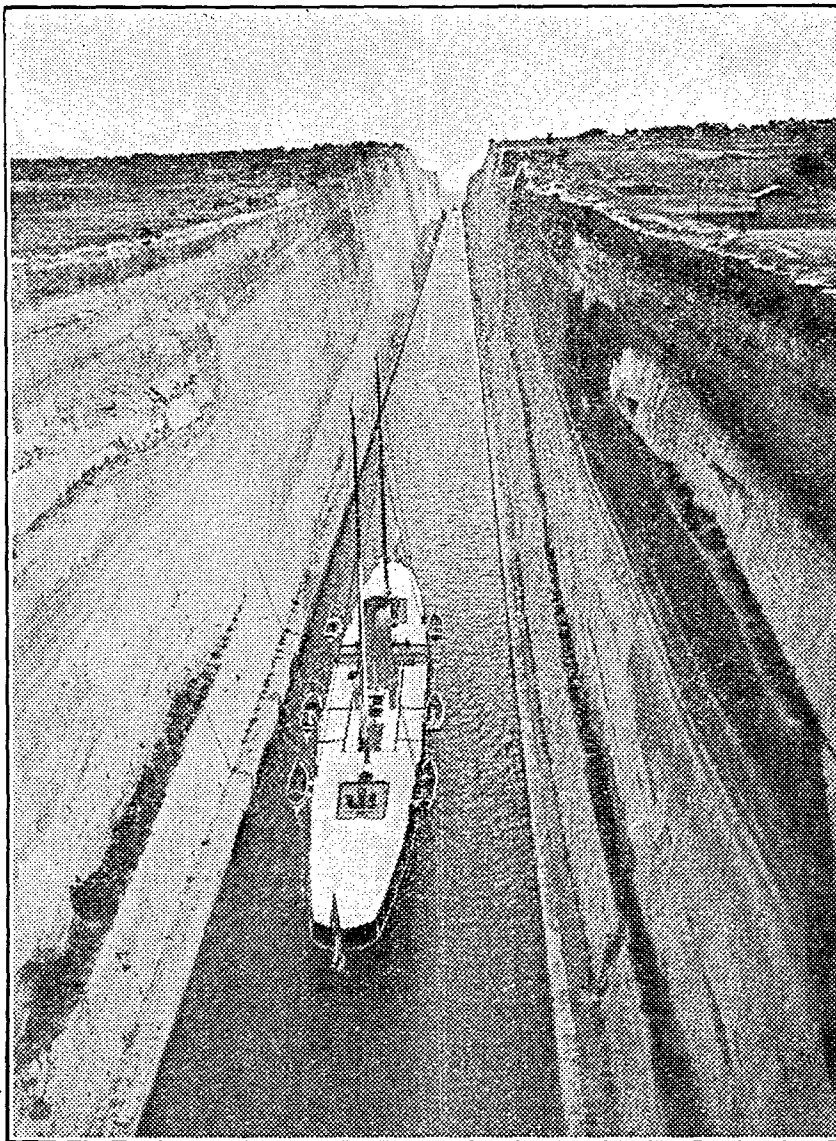
The story tells how one winter night a merchant named Gofer was travelling to Newark with a big sum of money. He was making fair speed through the

lonely forest when a fog blotted the pathway from view.

In vain he tried to find a way out of the forest. Then, when he was almost giving up hope, he heard the bells of Newark Parish Church ring out, and, guided by the sound, he found his way to Newark in time to escape a band of thieves on the road.

Gofer was so thankful that he bequeathed a sum of money to pay for the ringing of the bells on winter nights, hoping that the sound might help some other lost traveller to find his way to the city in safety, as he himself had done.

THE CANAL THAT NERO DREAMED OF



This famous canal, cut across the Isthmus of Corinth, in Greece, was begun by Nero, but was only completed in 1893. A landslide has just blocked the canal, and it will take two months to re-open it for traffic. See page 9

Continued from the previous column

decayed. Boots are provided at school, and the younger children's shoes are mended by the school cobbler.

Then comes a change for the better in a curious way. In an air raid the home is totally destroyed by a German bomb, but no one is hurt. Compensation is paid from the National Relief Fund, and Becky's mother, having got the management of the money, sets up a little shop and prospers by making and selling pickles.

She, honest woman, at once goes to the school and insists on paying for Becky's milk. She thinks, however, she cannot afford spectacles for Becky, whose sight remains bad, but at last gets them by taking money out of the school bank, for the family has begun to save.

Becky, not yet nine, is stronger. She does not need school milk, and she is discharged from the dispensary. Also she begins to subscribe to the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Clearly Betty

is beginning to rise in the world. Next year, however, Becky is again on school milk. Her father is dying of consumption, and the family is again submerged in poverty. Then he dies, and his wife is again set up in business.

The school now tries to get Becky's teeth attended to by the school dentist, but both she and her mother resist. But Becky is told that she cannot have her country holiday if she does not have her teeth attended to; so, accompanied by a school lady inspector, she faces the dreaded dentist, and goes on her country holiday with a clean and healthy mouth.

There is only one further school report on Becky. She wins the obstacle race in the school sports, for she is getting strong, confident, and venturesome.

There we have a glimpse of one side only of the ordinary school life of today, and its protective influence over childhood. Is it not worth a little tax even in these hard times?

K. K. K.

AMERICA'S RIDICULOUS SOCIETY

How a State Governor was Driven from Power

THE IMPERIAL WIZARD

By Our America Correspondent

Mr. John Walton, Governor of Oklahoma, youngest of the Southern States of the United States, has been impeached, condemned, and removed from office as the result of his fight with the Ku Klux Klan, the startling secret society which has been boomed in this country in the film called *The Birth of a Nation*.

The story of the Klan is the most amazing story of the kind in the world.

It goes back to the end of the Civil War in 1865. The slaves had been freed, and the Whites of the Southern States, beaten and ruined in the war, were in fear lest the freed Negroes should use their votes and so become the ruling power in the South. Some of the more daring among them formed the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and set out to terrify the Negroes. They had secret rites, wore white calico hoods and gowns, rode at midnight, stood at the polling places during elections, and sought to scare the Negroes into submission.

Into Life Again

This was long ago. The Klan ceased to exist. Then after the Great War the Klan suddenly sprang again into life. In the State of Georgia a man named Simmons began enrolling knights. He called the Ku Klux Klan the Invisible Empire. He himself was named the Imperial Wizard. His officers were Cyclops, Dragons, and Klegles.

They gathered at midnight on the hills. They put on their hideous white hoods and gowns. They rode through the cities and across country. They went through strange ceremonies.

Some three years ago the Klan began to spread rapidly over the States, and the American people woke up to the fact that a new and terrible secret society had grown up in their midst.

The Terror

In Georgia, Texas, Oklahoma, and other States it became powerful in a very short time. The Klansmen revived their raids. They seized private citizens who were unpopular for one reason or another, organised whipping parties, tar-and-feather parties, and lynchings. They began to manage elections and to give orders to public officials.

Growing bolder, they came out into the open, and were seen in cities marching, in their absurd costume, through the streets in broad daylight.

The first State Governor to begin a hard fight against the K.K.K. was John Walton, of Oklahoma. He has now come to grief, because, instead of opposing the sheeted knights as enemies of peace and law, he tried to fight them with their own weapons of violence.

War on Millions of Americans

Decent citizens everywhere are becoming alarmed, and are planning ways in which this frightful terror can be got rid of. But the Klan and its leaders seem to grow more daring and impudent.

The present Imperial Wizard is H. W. Evans. A few weeks ago he addressed a vast gathering of his hooded followers at Dallas, Texas. He told them that the Klan existed for the purpose of keeping America safe; and that America must be kept safe from Jews, Catholics, and Negroes, because none of them could ever become really part of the nation.

It will be interesting to see what President Coolidge will do now that the Klan has declared open war upon about one-third of the American people.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM THE CASTLE IN CHEYNE ROW

Odd House that Has Never
Been Lived In
BUILDING FOR 40 YEARS

By a Resident in Cheyne Row

One of the oddest houses in London has just been sold.

It is the house which old Dr. Phené began to build more than forty years ago at the corner of Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and died leaving it unfinished. He went on building and building, and then pulling down again, but never completing the house so that it could be lived in.

He himself lived on the other side of the way, in Oakley Street, where he could look always on the rising castle of his dreams.

The Name in Stone

For a castle it was to him. He was descended from an old French family, and he called the place the Château de Savenay. The name is still cut in stone over the pillared portico of his strange fancy. He thought of it as the home of his ancestors, and round one side of its wilderness garden, which was piled with sacred stones collected from all over England and Normandy, he raised a high stone wall, castellated and capped with a fringe of iron spikes.

But the wall and the garden of stones were not more curious than the front of the house itself, which was always changing. It was covered with groups of statuary which had once been in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park; and these statues were continually altered. Once all the stone casements of the house were painted with crimson blinds, from which hung gold tassels. Then he would put a gilded weathercock on the house. It always pointed to north, for it got out of order and was never repaired. In a way, nothing ever was repaired, though always something was being built on to the château or being taken away from it.

Building Up the Dream Castle

Every day old Dr. Phené would come over to see his dream castle and talk to his foreman. Often in the dusk you might have seen his venerable figure, wrapped in a black Inverness coat, his head covered with a slouch hat, pacing slowly along beneath the trees that drooped over the castle wall.

People used to stop to look and wonder at the place, especially American tourists who had come to visit Carlyle's house, which is just round the corner in Cheyne Row. Many jesting and uncomplimentary things were said about old Dr. Phené's house, and often he heard them, for he was continually pottering behind the wall or the hoarding. His foreman afterwards told how the old man would shed tears at the unkind things that were said, for it was not all pride which made him build. He had once been told that when he stopped building he would die.

A Generous Master

That, in a way, was true, for he fell ill, and the alterations to the château grew fewer and fewer; and he died some years ago, over 80 years old, very much regretted by his old foreman and the workpeople, to whom he was a kind and generous master.

He tried in his will to provide that his Château de Savenay should live long after him, but by an odd turn of fate the relatives to whom he left it died shortly afterwards, and somehow his dream has failed; and now it seems that it can never come to pass. The house remained empty during the war, and the street boys of the neighbourhood have broken all its windows.

At last it has been sold, and as they are coming down, the strange front and the castle wall in Cheyne Row will soon be memories of the past.

WASHINGTON'S TREE Fall of the Famous Elm A VIOLENT END

The C.N. mentioned some weeks ago the decay of the famous Washington elm, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under which George Washington stood in 1775, when he accepted the chief command of the American Army.

To this old tree, leafless and dead, generations of tourists had travelled, for it was one of America's few sights that carried thought a long way back. It has now, we learn, come to a sensational end.

The tree had become dangerous as it was decayed at its base, and workmen were arranging to cut it down. Indeed, they had reared their ladder against its bare and gaunt trunk when suddenly it toppled over, crushed an iron fence around it, and fell across the adjoining street, scattering the few people who were near, and only missing by a second, or so an approaching motor-car.

As a crowd assembled the police and park-keepers had some difficulty in keeping off those who wished to carry away fragments as souvenirs.

Later the trunk was sawn into short lengths and carefully stored away till the authorities decide what shall be done with its historic timber. The site will be marked by a tablet.

RICH MAN AND HIS £80,000 Who will Take it From Him?

Every sovereign, every half-crown, every penny sent to the London Hospital before the end of this year, will be doubled by a generous man who has offered to double every gift this year up to £80,000.

This generous friend of the hospital has offered to give as much as everyone else gives until he has contributed £80,000, so that if the public will unitedly give £80,000, this friend will make it £160,000, and so endow the hospital for ever.

It is a wonderful offer, and it means that who gives quickly does actually give twice; every pound given is two.

Here, then, is a quite unique opportunity of getting for this great London hospital twice as much as you can afford. Whatever you can afford will be doubled by releasing an equal sum from the rich man's £80,000, which he is reserving to test the generosity of kind people. The C.N. hopes that its readers will do their utmost to take this £80,000 from this good man's pocket.

LAMPS AND BELLS AT SEA The Automatic Lighthouse

The automatic lighting arrangement in lighthouses with no attendants, the light being turned up or down by sunlight as it waxes or wanes, has already been described in the C.N.

Now the automatic lighthouse has been improved still further by having a fog bell fitted to it, which rings itself when the prevailing weather conditions make it necessary.

The ringing is done by means of a delicate instrument called a hair-hygrometer. This is affected by the moisture in the air, and part of it expands when the strands of hair are surrounded by a damp atmosphere. The expansion moves an apparatus, which rings the bell. When the fog passes and the air becomes drier the hairs contract and the ringing stops.

WIRELESS GOES THROUGH THE WALLS Interesting Experiment

To prove that it is possible for radio waves to penetrate thick walls a demonstration was recently held in the vaults of a New York bank.

A complete receiving outfit was installed in the four-foot fireproof, burglar-proof walls, and a concert broadcasted sixty miles away was heard distinctly.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN READING THE SIGNS

The Tell-tale Spark on the Top
of the Mountain

A LION SURPRISED

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

It is almost impossible to describe all the little signs which go to make up information for a Scout. It is like reading the page of a book.

The tiniest signs, such as a few grains of sand out of their place here, some bent blades of grass there, a leaf foreign to this bit of the country, a buck startled from a distant thicket, a single flash on the mountain-side, the far-off yelp of a dog—these are all "letters" in the page of information you are reading, and whose meaning, if you are a practised reader, you grasp at once.

The Lesson of a Struck Match

Here is a story from my diary of one morning's scouting during the Matabele Campaign.

With a companion and a native boy I started out at 3 o'clock one morning, so that by dawn we were in sight of one of the hills which we expected the enemy might be occupying, and where we hoped to see his fires. We saw none, but on our way, in moving round the hill which overlooked our camp, we saw a match struck high up near the top of the mountain. This one little spark told us a good deal. It showed that the enemy were there, that they were awake and alert, and that they were aware of the whereabouts of our force—or they would not be occupying that hill.

However, they could not see anything of us, and it was then quite dark, so we went farther on among the mountains.

Tracing a Lion

In the early morning light we crossed the deep river bed of the Unichingwe River, and, in doing so, we noticed the fresh spoor of a lion in the sand. We went on and had a good look at the enemy's stronghold, and on our way back, as we approached this river bed, we agreed to go quietly in case the lion should be moving about in it.

On looking down over the bank my heart jumped, for I saw a grand old lion just walking in behind a bush.

Jackson, my companion, could not see him, but was off his horse as quickly as I was, and ready with his gun—too ready, indeed, for the moment the lion appeared, walking majestically out from behind the bush that had hidden him, Jackson fired hurriedly, striking the ground under his feet, and, as we discovered afterwards, knocking off one of his claws.

The lion tossed his shaggy head and looked at us in dignified surprise. Then I fired and hit him in the ribs with a leaden bullet. He reeled, sprang round, and staggered a few paces, when Jackson let him have one in the shoulder.

A Happy Kaffir

This turned him over sideways, and he turned about, growling savagely. I could scarcely believe that we had actually got a lion at last, but resolved to make sure of it; so, telling Jackson not to fire unless it was necessary—for fear of spoiling the skin with his larger bullet—I got down closer to the beast, and fired a shot at the back of his neck as he turned his head. This finished him.

We were pretty delighted with our success, but our boy was mad with happiness, for a dead lion, provided he is not a man-eater, has many invaluable gifts for a Kaffir, in the shape of love philtres, charms against disease, and medicines that produce bravery.

And then we set to work to skin him. After hiding his head in a neighbouring bush, we packed the skin on to one of the ponies and returned to camp mightily pleased with ourselves.

MYSTERIES THINGS OUTSIDE KNOWN LAWS

Queer Happenings that Nobody
Can Explain

STRANGE KNOWLEDGE OF DISTANT EVENTS

Thirty Years of Psychical Research. By Professor Richet. (Collins. 25s.)

Science was never so conscious as now of how much there is to learn. Fifty years ago the attitude of science was that all happenings that could not be explained by known physical laws were not real events, but the imaginings of credulous or superstitious people.

But today unanswerable proof exists that things do happen which appear to be outside all known physical laws. Such happenings are called by the rather difficult name of Psychical, which comes from a Greek word meaning the soul, because such things were formerly supposed to have to do with the soul and not with the body.

Puzzles for Science

In recent years some of the most eminent men of science in all lands have spent much time in looking into these matters, and the results of their experiments and investigations have hitherto been buried in ponderous scientific works. Now, at last, these results have been summarised in a handy volume by Professor Charles Richet, a French scholar, and that book has been translated into English. The professor quotes many strange incidents that cannot be easily explained by science.

In an experiment carried out by Professor Richet at Paris a young woman about thirty, who had never learned Greek and could not possibly have known the language, wrote long Greek sentences. After much research the professor discovered at Athens the rare book from which the sentences were taken. It existed nowhere in Paris except at the National Library, where the woman could not have seen it.

The Divining Rod

The divining rod by which certain people can find water and metals in unknown places underground is dealt with by Professor Richet, and it is clear that though no satisfactory explanation of the wonder is forthcoming, there is no doubt individuals do possess this strange power.

The book mentions a case of a man who, when his brother in another room scorched his right arm, showed signs of pain and indicated the exact place of the burn, though he could not possibly know by ordinary means that the accident had happened.

Another eminent scientist, Sir William Barrett, quotes the case of the wife of an Irish doctor who wrote down the name of a cousin, stating that he was killed in action, and giving the full name and address of the lady to whom he was betrothed, although the engagement had been kept a secret even from the dead man's family.

One Chance in 800 Millions

An Army captain was wounded on August 27, 1914, by a bullet in the chest at 11.30 p.m., and lived for a day. The same night, at the same hour, his little daughter, who was sleeping soundly, woke up and told her mother "Father is wounded but is not killed." Such instances can be multiplied almost indefinitely.

The chances against these facts being due to coincidence are given variously by different scientists as one in 700,000 and one in 800,000,000; but, whichever figure we take, chance is eliminated. It is equally impossible, says Professor Richet, to put them down to delusions, and we must, he believes, recognise a higher human faculty as yet unknown to our intellect.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

CORINTH

WHERE PAUL SAT MAKING TENTS

A landslip has blocked the famous Corinth Canal, which cuts through the rocky neck of land linking the Morea, or, as it was called in ancient times, Peloponnesus, with Attica.

At least two months must elapse before the obstruction is cleared away, and meanwhile ships coasting from the Ionian Sea to the port of Athens must go round Cape Matapan, a journey more than 200 miles longer.

After the Suez and Panama Canals that of Corinth is the most famous in the world. It was originally projected in Nero's time, but nothing was done till 1882, when a French company began it. A Greek company completed it, and it was opened for traffic between the Gulfs of Corinth and Aegina in 1893. It is cut out of the solid rock, and is four miles long and 70 feet wide.

Home of the Currant

With the exception of Athens no other Greek city is so well known as Corinth. It is famous as the city to which Paul wrote two of his letters in the New Testament, and where he worked as a tent-maker. It gave its name to one of the orders of Greek architecture, and in more modern times to a well-known fruit, the dried currant, formerly spelt corinth. The fame of its Isthmian Games, held every two years, has survived in the modern use of the name Corinthian for an amateur sportsman who himself plays games.

In the old days, when Greece was the centre of the world's life, the position of Corinth on the isthmus made it a place of great commercial importance. Something of its old importance has returned with the cutting of the canal.

The City of Caesar

The birth of Corinth is lost in obscurity. One legend dates it as far back as 1350 years before Jesus, but real history begins somewhere about 1074 B.C., when the Dorians conquered the city and established a monarchy. For the next thousand years its story is one of wars and revolutions and alliances; and in 146 B.C. it was completely wiped off the map by the Romans, who sacked and burned the city so that nothing remained but charred ruins.

Thus it was left for a century, when Julius Caesar rebuilt the city, and it soon attracted the trade and industry of Athens and became the most brilliant city in all Greece. There, later, a Christian church grew up, and in the year A.D. 57 two letters were received from Paul, who seven or eight years before had preached and founded the Church. They were preserved, and are read all over the world today. The references in the second of these letters to fire trying a man's work and only the solid building surviving the flames were no doubt suggested by the still existing ruins of the burned city.

The Light of All Greece

For a time Corinth became "the light of all Greece," a centre of pleasure and gaiety and art, but later it fell again on evil days. Goths, Slavs, Franks, Turks, and Venetians all conquered or ravaged it in turn. Then, in 1715, the Turks retook it, and from being the glory of Greece it became a miserable village.

The day of deliverance came, however, and with freedom from Turkish domination it grew in wealth and importance till, in 1858, the city was utterly devastated by an earthquake. This time the ruin was so complete that when a new city was built up it was erected on a new site, three miles away.

Prosperity has once more come to Corinth, however, and the town is now growing in importance.

The excavation of the old city is revealing many remains of the greatest interest to archaeologists, and there are still to be seen the columns of a temple on which Paul must have looked in the days when he sat at Corinth making tents.

INCREASING THE WHEAT CROP

A New Variety Found ANOTHER TRIUMPH AT CAMBRIDGE

It was Cambridge University which gave to England the splendid Little Joss and Yeoman wheats, which are not only immune to rust but give an enormously increased yield compared with other wheats grown in the British Isles. Professor Biffen, to whom we owe these fine results of plant breeding, has not been content with his past successes. He and his helpers at Cambridge have continued their researches and experiments, and now, after 15 years of hard work, they have produced a new wheat enormously in advance of their other triumphs.

The professor expects to have 20,000 bushels ready for distribution next year for autumn sowing, and this will be grown in many different areas, so that if harvesting conditions are unfavourable in one district a good crop may be gathered in another.

Yeoman is the basis from which this new super-wheat has been evolved, and Professor Biffen believes it to be as good as the best Canadian wheats, which are the very best in the world.

This new variety has not yet been given a name; it is known only by a number in the records of the School of Agriculture attached to Cambridge University. While Professor Biffen believes that the yield of wheat grown in England can be still further increased, it can never, he says, be brought up to a point where we shall be growing all the wheat we require. The most we shall ever be able to do, he thinks, is to raise about half that amount.

There is no doubt at all that in wheat improvement England still leads the whole world.

JOSEPH STRONGWOLF

A Red Indian Reformer

Joseph Strongwolf, chief of the Ojibway Indians, is now a student in the University of Pennsylvania.

His special object is to revive Indian traditions among the Red race, and to promote an Indian form of civilisation. He thinks an Indian who tries to be a white man is an Indian spoiled. He believes, on the lines of the best Indian traditions, that the "Noble Red Man," as he was once felt to be, may arrive at a civilisation of his own within the American nation.

Chief Strongwolf was the first American Indian voluntarily to join in the Great War. He enlisted in the Second Battalion of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, and was twice wounded.

Already he has had three years of university training, with human races as his special line of study.

A NEW GAS STOVE

Two Hours' Gas to Do the Work of Twelve

A new gas stove has been invented by Mr. J. Danin which, it is claimed, by burning gas for two hours keeps a room warm for twelve hours.

The idea is simple. The heat from a range of gas jets passes through heat-storing material arranged so as to intercept its passage. Thus the stove becomes a mass of heated material, and this acts as a radiator, warming the air of the room in which it is placed.

The stove becomes thoroughly hot after burning the gas about two hours. The gas is then turned off, but the store of heat remains, and the stove grows cool so slowly that after another ten hours the room is still warm. The stove calls for a very small flue, and can be placed between two rooms so as to warm both of them.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Who was Clytie?

A nymph beloved by Apollo in the old classical mythology. She was afterwards changed into a flower.

What is the Origin of the Inn-sign The Flying Childers?

This is the name of a once famous race-horse, and many inns were called after it.

Why is a Bear Called Bruin?

This is from a Dutch word meaning brown, and is a reference to the colour of the bear's coat.

Has the Elephant Been Known to Breed in Captivity?

In India elephants do not, as a rule, breed in captivity; in Burma they frequently do.

What is Phenazonum?

A yellow crystalline base—that is, a substance that will combine with acids to form salts. It is the same substance as antipyrin.

Is the Sparrow a Vegetarian?

The house sparrow is practically omnivorous, its food consisting of insects, seeds, grain, scraps, and almost anything that comes in its way.

What is a Godless Florin?

A florin issued early in 1849 without the letters Fid. Def., Defender of the Faith. These were soon recalled and the omission remedied by a new issue.

Have the Pitcairn Islanders left Pitcairn?

In 1856 the descendants of the Bounty mutineers removed from Pitcairn to Norfolk Island, which is 400 miles from New Zealand; but two years later some of them returned, and their descendants still live at Pitcairn.

Who was the Man that First Discovered India-rubber?

We do not know. The first reference to rubber is in a book by Peter Martyr of Anghieri, in 1525, which describes rubber balls he had seen the Mexicans playing with.

What is the Severn Bore?

It is the rolling up of the tide in the rapidly narrowing channel of the river estuary, and is most marked at the spring tides, which occur at new and full Moon, when Sun and Moon are both pulling in the same line.

How Did the Stone Age Man Get a Light?

Undoubtedly by friction, probably by rubbing one piece of dry wood against another. In Southern India bamboo forests sometimes catch fire by one bamboo being rubbed against another, and early man no doubt saw this happen and copied the idea.

What is the Origin of the Word Blighty?

It is a corruption by British soldiers in India of the Hindustani word Vilayti, meaning "people near the confines of India," that is, foreigners; and for no particular reason was used in the war as a term to describe Britain, or home.

What is the Meaning of Reynolds's Painting of Angels' Heads?

It has no symbolic meaning, but is simply a picture of five cherub heads, portraits in different positions of the little daughter of Lord William Gordon, whose wife presented the picture to the National Gallery.

What are the Horse Latitudes?

Regions of calm in the Atlantic, so called, it is said, because in the old days of sailing ships vessels were often becalmed here, and had to throw overboard any horses they were carrying from New England to the West Indies, because the fresh water on board was almost finished up.

Who is Burgomaster Max?

Adolphe Max was Burgomaster of Brussels at the outbreak of the Great War, and during the early part of the German occupation of Brussels was fearless in urging resistance to Germany's preposterous demands on the city. For this he was imprisoned in Germany, but escaped at the outbreak of the revolution there in 1918 and, returning to Brussels, was reinstated as burgomaster.

Were the Roman Nones and Ides Feast Days?

The Romans counted their days backwards from three days in each month called the Nones, Ides, and Kalends. The Kalends was the first day of the month, and means a proclamation, because the beginning of a new month was proclaimed by the pontiffs; the nones, which means ninths, was so called because it was the ninth day before the ides; and the ides, which means a division, was the 15th of some months and the 13th of others, dividing the month into two parts. None of these was necessarily a feast day.

THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN

ORION AND HIS NEBULA Colossal Whirlpool of Fiery Mist

HOTTEST SUNS KNOWN

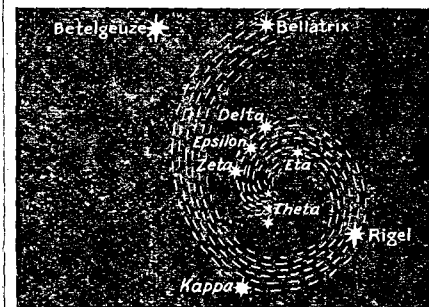
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The most famous and brilliant group of stars in the heavens may now be seen in the south-eastern sky after 8 p.m.

This is Orion, the chief of whose celestial gems will be readily recognised with the aid of our star map, which should be kept for future reference.

The constellation is of very great antiquity, having been traced back to about 4600 years B.C., so that the stars of Orion have retained this familiar grouping for over 6500 years, notwithstanding the fact that relative to us they have been rushing through space in more or less different directions at some hundreds of miles a minute during that time.

Orion appears to have been called by the early Chaldeans Tammuz, but later in Babylonian times Uru-Anna, mean-



Orion and the general trend of the Nebula

ing the Light of Heaven. From this title it is believed by some authorities that the name Orion was derived.

Now, as the Light of Heaven these stars were known in Egypt also. We see, therefore, that these ancient peoples apparently perceived the wonderful light that pervades Orion, the clear air and the intense darkness of those Eastern nights making visible that luminous film that to us in Britain is imperceptible except at its most intense centre, and then only under favourable conditions.

It is only during the last few years, and chiefly through the researches of Professor Pickering, that this light has been found to have a real material existence. Telescopic photography, together with Schiener's spectroscopic researches, have proved that it is produced by luminous matter, chiefly helium, pervading colossal realms of space.

Whirls and Eddies in Space

This vast, luminous mist extends on every side from the region of its greatest density, which is just below the famous Belt, formed by three bright stars in a row. There three more stars, still fainter, will be seen in a row, but closer together, and it is around these that this luminous matter is most dense.

On a very dark and clear night this can be seen with the naked eye—glasses will help us to see it more clearly. From here this fire mist extends in a vast swirl of terrific dimensions, round past Eta and Rigel to Kappa; and from there, curving upward, it sweeps across the entire constellation, past Bellatrix—the Warrior Maiden star—and out into the beyond toward the Hyades.

The broken lines in the star map indicate its general course, but there are multitudes of whirls, streams, and eddies in this colossal whirlpool of firelight of the heavens, suggesting terrific forces whirling it hither and thither.

These forces appear to be centred in the immense suns, the fiery, gaseous globes of helium which chiefly compose this magnificent Orion. They are the hottest type of sun known, and are immersed in that colossal nebula. G.F.M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus is low in the south-west; Uranus is due south about 6.30 p.m. In the morning Saturn and Mars are in the east after about 4.30 a.m.

THE ROGUE WHALE

A Thrilling Story of
Two Boys at Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 22 A New Arrival

COL was so astonished at the girl's voice that he nearly fell off his seat.

"She—she spoke English!" he gasped.

"Not being deaf, I am aware of that fact," replied Kit, a little drily.

"But—but who is she?" exclaimed Col.

"I am every bit as keen to find out as you are," said his brother, "but as Samson here can't tell us, even if he wanted to, the best thing we can do is to get back and see if Chad knows anything about her."

"My word, old Samson does look savage!" said Col. "It's funny, too, for these natives don't seem to think a lot of their women. But perhaps she was the daughter of old Karum or some big chief on the other end of the island."

"She meant a lot to Samson," agreed Kit. "He's furious. There's no more fishing for us today, Col."

Kit was right, for Samson, turning the canoe, began paddling straight back to the beach.

It was the hottest part of the afternoon, and the obnoxious odour of the whale was bad enough to make the twins feel positively ill. But the natives didn't care. They were still as busy as ever chopping up blubber, and boiling it down into oil, and cutting off great chunks of whale beef, some of which they were cooking over the fires on which they boiled the blubber.

Samson left the boys on the beach and went straight to Naga's house.

"I only wish we could understand their lingo," said Kit, as he and Col hastily made their way to windward of the carcass of the whale, and thence towards the hut where they had left Chad sleeping. "I only hope Chad can tell us."

Chad was still asleep, and was by no means pleased when the boys roused him with their story.

"Talked English, did she?" he growled. "What colour was she?"

"Brown as far as I could see," Col told him. "But it might have been sunburn."

Chad grunted.

"Likely some kid saved off that wreck I told you of. Or she may have been a chief's daughter who'd learned English off some chap like myself."

"But you'd have known if there had been another white man on the island," urged Col.

"How would I have known? Don't I tell you it's years since I've been over in Karum's country? It isn't what you might call a health resort for people from Naga's side," he ended sarcastically.

"Then why was Samson—this big native who took us out—so keen to catch her?" questioned Kit.

"Keen! Of course he was keen," growled Chad. "Every mother's son this side is mad to catch any one of Karum's people. Naga has put a price on the head of Karum's folk, and Karum returns the compliment."

"What would they have done with her if they had caught her?" questioned Kit.

"Killed her, most like. Or else made a slave of her. But I've had enough of your chatter. Why can't you let a man sleep?"

Chad dropped back and closed his eyes. The boys looked at one another, then slipped off.

"I'm glad we didn't catch her," said Col, and Kit nodded. They went back to the beach, and from a spot well to windward watched the natives busy with the whale. There was nothing else to do. Mr. Crale came and joined them, and

they told him all about the girl who had spoken English. Mr. Crale looked thoughtful.

"I wish we could get into touch with her," he said. "She might be able to tell us something about that other side of the island, and what our chances would be if we could get there. To be quite honest, I don't half like the look of things here. This fellow Naga is a bit of a brute, and we are absolutely in his power."

"But surely Uncle Nat will look for us?" said Col.

"Aye, he'll look, lad, but this isn't the only island in these seas, and you've got to remember we drifted a mighty long way last night. And if he does sight this island, he will naturally be looking out for smoke or some sort of a signal from us. Yet, so far as I can see, that is out of the question for us to send up."

He spoke so seriously that the boys felt anything but happy. The prospect of spending months, even years, on this unknown island, practically slaves to the unpleasant Naga, was a very ugly one. And just then came a shout from the natives, and they looked up.

A boat—an English boat—was in sight at the mouth of the inner bay.

CHAPTER 23 Blaskett's Bad News

FOR some moments all three simply stared, hardly able to believe their eyes. Then Col leaped to his feet.

"They've found us! Uncle Nat has found us!" he shouted, and ran towards the water edge.

Kit was for following him, but Mr. Crale laid a hand on his arm.

"Steady, Kit. Don't get excited. There is only one man in that boat."

Kit looked, and saw that the mate was right.

"Only one man," he repeated. "What does it mean?"

"We shall soon know," replied the other. "See! He is coming straight in."

The boat had her sail up. That was why Col had not at first seen that her crew consisted of one man only. Now, as there was no breeze in the narrow channel, the solitary occupant of the boat lowered his sail, and as the canvas fell with a run Kit and Mr. Crale got a good sight of him.

Kit gave a sharp cry.

"It's—it's Blaskett!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Crale pulled up short, and with hands cupped over his eyes gazed at the man in the boat.

"You are right," he said, in a low voice. "It is Simon Blaskett. But what on earth is he doing here alone?"

By this time Col, too, had realised the identity of the newcomer. He came running back.

"It's that pig Blaskett," he shouted. "What does he want here?"

The others did not answer. They were both worried and anxious.

Kit, for once, felt certain that even if his uncle had found out where they were, the last thing he would have done would be to send Blaskett after them. He had told them that he had to keep the fellow under his eye, and get rid of him at the first opportunity.

Blaskett pulled straight into shore. Several of the natives were waiting for him, but they did not seize him. They seemed to think that he was one more of the whaling-party. Mr. Crale went straight up to him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Blaskett looked up, and there was a slight sneer on his thin lips. "That's not exactly a kindly

greeting for a brother in misfortune," he replied.

"You are no brother of mine, either in fortune or misfortune," returned the other bluntly. "And you have not answered my question."

Blaskett shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you like," he said. "As you don't spare my feelings, I don't see why I should be tender with yours. If you want to know, I am the only one left out of the crew of the Triton."

The three gazed at him dumbly. Col was the first to find his voice.

"What have you done with my uncle's ship, you scoundrel?" he cried.

Blaskett's thin lips curled again, but he remained quite calm.

"I don't know what cock-and-bull story you have in your head, my young friend," he answered. "But I can guess. On this occasion, however, no one can put any blame on my shoulders. It was the bull-whale—the rogue whale, I believe you call him. He did the trick."

CHAPTER 24 The Scent of Gold

COL staggered as if someone had hit him. Kit went very white. As for Mr. Crale, his face grew suddenly pinched and grey.

"I beg your pardon for what I said just now, Mr. Blaskett," he said. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell us what has actually happened."

"It was simple enough," replied Blaskett, paying no attention to the ring of natives who surrounded him and the others. "When you were towed away yesterday by that whale, Captain Sibley had to wait to pick up the other two boats; then he followed you. But by that time you were out of sight and night was coming on. In the darkness we missed you. The captain, however, was not too anxious, for he believed you would kill the whale and lie under its lee during the gale."

"We did," put in the mate.

"This morning," Blaskett went on, "we sighted this island, and Captain Sibley said that he hoped to find you here. The reefs are dangerous, and we had to work in very slowly. About an hour after sun-up a whale was sighted, but though it was a big one, Captain Sibley would not put down a boat."

"All of a sudden, and without any warning at all the brute charged the ship. All the time we were just crawling through a tangle of reefs with white water spouting all round us. There wasn't room to turn; there wasn't room to do a thing; and, anyway, I don't believe there'd have been time, for that great brute came as fast as a torpedo. He struck us just for-

rard of midships on the port side, and stove us like we'd been no more than a Thames barge."

"I was on deck and looking over the rail, and the shock knocked me right into the sea. I started to swim for the nearest reef, though I didn't reckon I'd get far—too many sharks cruising around. Next thing the Triton rolled right over and went down like a plummet, and the suck came pretty nigh pulling me down, too. But somehow I got up to the top again, and the first thing I saw was this boat floating. It was the one I came aboard in, and she'd been lying in chocks on the deck. I managed to climb into her, and that's the only reason I'm alive."

For some seconds no one spoke. Even the natives seemed to realise something of the feelings of the white men who listened to Blaskett's story. Then Mr. Crale gave a kind of groan.

"It's just the way it happened to the Mercy," he muttered.

Kit stiffened. "The murderous brute!" he said, with startling fierceness. "But I will kill it and rid the seas of this horror. Yes, if I spend my life at the job I will do it."

Just then the big man whom they called Samson came up. He spoke to Blaskett and pointed to the big hut.

"What's he want?" demanded Blaskett.

"He means that the chief wants to see you," explained Mr. Crale. "Naga, his name is, and he is pretty much of a brute, Mr. Blaskett."

"He hasn't done anything to you," said Blaskett.

"No; he is keeping us to help him in a war he's got on with the chief at the other end of the island," replied Mr. Crale. "He won't hurt you if you are civil to him."

"But how shall I make him understand? I don't talk their lingo."

"There is a white man named Burton who will interpret. You will find him there," Mr. Crale told him; and Blaskett was led away.

Kit and Col watched him go.

"This is a bad business, lads," said Mr. Crale gravely.

"It's awful!" groaned Col. "To think that we shall never see Uncle Nat again!"

He dropped on a rock and covered his face with his hands. But Kit's face was like a stone.

They saw Blaskett go into the chief's house, and Chad, too. Then there was a long wait.

None of the three spoke. The boys were thinking of Uncle Nat, trying to realise the fact that they would never see him again. As for Mr. Crale, what he most thought of was that now there was no ship to take them off, and that it looked as if they might have to spend the rest of their lives on this beautiful, yet horrible, island.

It grew dark, the fire-flies began to fill the air with blue sparks, and the three went silently back to their hut. Presently they heard voices outside—Chad's and Blaskett's.

Blaskett was speaking.

"Gold sovereigns, Burton. A whole string of 'em round his great, fat neck. I tell you I mean to find out where they came from."

There was a harsh laugh from Chad.

"Don't you go messing with them, Mr. Blaskett, or you'll surely get into trouble."

"Trouble!" repeated Blaskett. "I can stick a bit of trouble if there's a parcel of good English gold at the other end. I tell you I'm on their track. No use asking you if you know where they come from?"

"Not a bit. And they won't be no use to you, anyway. There's no shops on this island."

"You make me tired," said Blaskett. "Think I'm going to stay here? Not much! Some way or other I'll have that gold, and when I've got it, hey for South America and a rare old time!"

Mr. Crale turned to the boys.

"I might have thought of this," he said grimly. "If that fellow once scents gold there'll be trouble not only for him, but for all of us."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Discoverer

SOME of the greatest inventors and discoverers have been men who have started in careers which had no relation to the discoveries they have made.

This was the case with a famous scientist who discovered what is undoubtedly the most important of all gases, one on which we depend for our lives.

He was a preacher and author of religious books, but, being a broad-minded man and having a thirst for knowledge, he took up the study of natural science and is now among the immortals.

His mother died when he was six, and an aunt brought him up. She was anxious for him to become a minister, and his education was directed to this end. He was a studious boy and learned not only Greek and Latin, but Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, and Arabic, and also taught himself French, German, and Italian.

Bad health handicapped him a good deal, but he went to college, and at last was ordained to the ministry. His views and an impediment in his speech caused his congregations to dwindle, and he took up teaching.

When visiting London he met Benjamin Franklin, who assisted him in gathering information for a history of electricity, and he was elected a member of the Royal Society, while the honorary title of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by Edinburgh University.

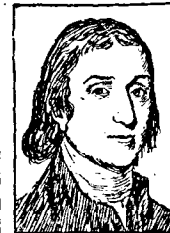
His chief interest, however, was theology, and he again became minister of a church at Leeds. His spare time he spent in studying chemistry, and soon discovered the important gas already referred to, and also a number of other gases hitherto unknown. He invented a pneumatic apparatus which is still largely used. Of course, not being a scientist by training, he was unable to follow up his discoveries, but they led the way to others.

It was arranged that he should accompany Captain Cook on his second voyage to the South Seas, and he was preparing for the expedition when some members of the Board of Longitude objected to his religious principles, and so he was unable to go.

He was patronised by a well-known peer, who made him his librarian, and he travelled with this lord on the Continent; but afterwards they parted, and the scientist was granted a pension.

He continued to write religious books, and one of these was burned by the public hangman at Dort, in Holland. His political views led a mob at Birmingham to break into his house and

destroy his apparatus and library, and, having lost many of his English friends, he went to America, and died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





Behind the Clouds the Sun is Shining



Dr. MERRYMAN

A MAN who was inspecting a house that was for sale remarked sadly: "So it will cost £900? A few months ago I could have got it for a song."

"Ah, I suppose you couldn't sing?" said the house-agent.

"Yes; but I couldn't get the right notes," replied the homeless one.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

WEALTH and power immense I give,
No feelings have and yet I live.
Before mankind the Earth had trod,
I held possession of the sod.
Now in the tomb of ages sought,
Again to Earth's fair surface brought,
A proof of Nature's wondrous plan.
I have so much to do with man,
Enliven all his chequered lot;
I cheer the palace and the cot,
And raise for mortals every hour
A spirit of tremendous power.
Though short my life, yet I supply
A thousand blessings ere I die;
And in the Bible you may see
A prophet once referred to me.

Solution next week

Thousands of Farthings

BILLY looked up from his book and said to his sister:

"Joan, do you think you could work out how many farthings there are in £12 12s. 8d.?"

"Of course I could," replied little Joan scornfully, and for a minute she was busy with a pencil and piece of paper.

"Twelve thousand, one hundred, and twenty-eight farthings," she announced.

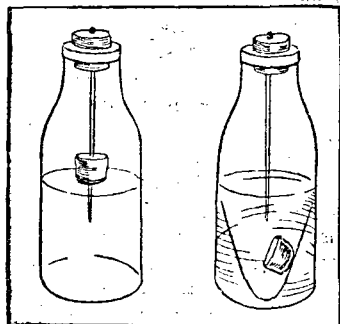
"And do you notice anything curious about that?" asked Billy. Joan studied her figures for a while, but admitted that she could see nothing extraordinary about them.

"Well," said Billy, "don't you see that there are 12,128 farthings in £12 12s. 8d.?"

The Whirlpool in the Bottle

HERE is a little experiment that can be carried out with very simple and easily obtainable materials.

Take a cork, cut it in half, and bore a hole through the centre. Then place it in a bottle that has



How the cork is freed

been half-filled with water. To the stopper of the bottle fasten a straight piece of wire or a knitting needle, the other end of which must loosely penetrate the hole in the floating cork. The first drawing makes this arrangement clear.

To free the piece of cork from the wire without removing the stopper from the bottle, give the bottle a few quick circular movements on the surface of a table. By the application of this centrifugal force a cone-shaped depression is formed in the water. Sinking on its wire stem, the piece of cork descends the cone and is freed, as in the second picture.

Giving the Game Away

A PROFITEER and his wife were crossing the Atlantic for the first time, and Mrs. Newrich wanted the other passengers to think that an ocean voyage was nothing new to her.

Mr. Newrich, however, raised a shout of laughter as soon as he got on board by pointing to a row of lifebuoys and asking an officer why they carried so many spare tyres.

Second Thoughts



"I'd like to fly!" a Brownie bragged.

A sparrow chirped, "All right! I'm going up, so you, young man, shall join me in my flight."

"Help!" as he rose into the air, Was now the Brownie's cry.
"Please put me down, because I find I do not want to fly!"

Hidden Poets

THE name of a poet is hidden in each of the following couplets. Can you find them?

Haste, Ellen! do not be so slow. Ellen rushes, saying "No, no, no!"

Your dress is much too long, see how it trails;
You will not find it pleasant in high gales.

Run, Dickie, run, and find the cow;
Perhaps she's in the corn—go find her now.

His nag a young cowboy seized by the mane,
And, leaping upon him, he distanced the train.

The fading rays of the Sun
Proclaim the day is done.

Answers next week

Is Your Name Hudson?

THIS name means, as it implies, the son of Hud, and Hud was a very common Christian name in the Middle Ages, derived from a still older Anglo-Saxon name, Hudda.

No doubt the Hudsons of today, if they could trace back their ancestry far enough, would find a forefather whose name was Hud.

WHY are watches like grasshoppers?
Because they move by springs.

An Enigma

"CHARGE, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

On these words from Scott's famous poem this enigma has been written:

Were I in noble Stanley's place,
When Marmion urged him to the chase,

The word you then might all descry
Would bring a tear to every eye.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I?

Alphabet, Ape, Lap, Pal, Hat, Alp, Bat, Eat, Tea.

Transposition

Theatre, threat, heart, ear.

A Riddle in Rhyme Pencil

Jacko Keeps His Mouth Shut

JACKO had an idea. He was so excited that he ran all the way to school that morning to tell the boys about it.

"I say," he cried, "what about getting up an entertainment in aid of the hospital this year?"

It wasn't so much the hospital he was thinking of; the truth was that Jacko was stage-struck. Belinda had taken him to a play where a handsome young hero rescued a lovely girl from no end of perils, shooting villains over his shoulder as calmly as his sister played the piano.

The idea of giving an entertainment was eagerly taken up, a play was chosen, and all the arrangements made. But, to Jacko's disgust, the Sixth Form boys took all the important parts for themselves, which made Jacko wild.

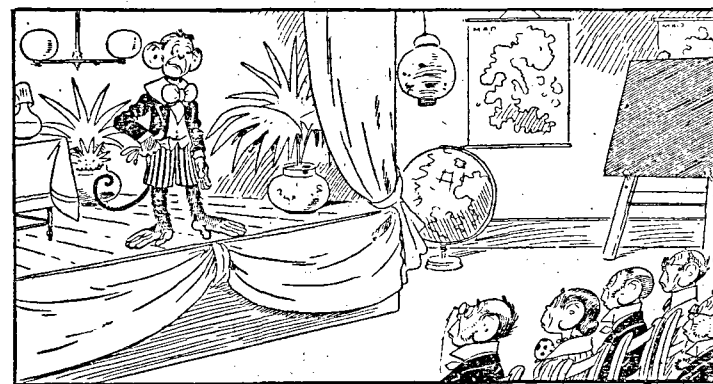
"It was my idea!" he cried indignantly.

"Yes, we know that," said Ruggles Major. "You can appear at the concert; you can recite, or play the violin, or something, afterwards."

Jacko was furious, and he made such a fuss that at last it was settled that he should do a funny sketch—for the play would only take up half the evening, the other half was to be a concert. The Headmaster's performance on the 'cello was sure to be pretty dismal, and the only recitation Lambert Minor really knew began "I shall never see thee more." Jacko was responsible for the comic part, and lots of the boys consoled him by saying what an important job his was.

He was disappointed, but, all the same, he was determined to make a huge success, and show the big boys that he could act. He took great pains to be word-perfect and to get a really good make-up.

Jacko was supposed to be an American tourist, and he was to give a humorous account of his European travels. He wore a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which he borrowed



Why did Jacko stand and make faces?

from Adolphus, who had just started to wear them—and had a camera and a piece of chewing gum.

The night arrived. Lambert Minor reduced the audience to tears. The Head made them yawn. When Jacko strolled on, and the audience foresaw some fun, they began to laugh with relief. They were in the mood to laugh at anything.

But why didn't he begin? Why did he stand in the middle of the stage making faces? Why did he pace up and down with his head turned away? Why did he finally dash away and hide behind the screen?

The audience waited for a little; he did not return. At last the Head came on to play another dismal dirge.

"Stage fright, poor little chap!" said a kindly old lady. But it wasn't. It was chewing gum!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Kittens Mothered by a Hen

Some curious instances have been given in the C.N. of animals mothering young creatures not of their own kind. This example, from Natal, is one of the strangest.

My brother's cat had five kittens, which she insisted on keeping in the hen-house. An old white hen adopted them there, tucking them under her as though they were chicks, and fighting anyone who came near. She even chased the cat out of the hen-house.

On the kittens being removed to another nest, the hen went round till she found them.

When chicks were brought to her she would not have anything to do with them.

The cat and the kittens had to be moved into the house.

Petits Chats Adoptés par une Poule

Le C.N. a cité certains cas curieux d'animaux adoptant des petits qui ne sont pas de leur race. L'exemple suivant, de Natal, est l'un des plus étranges.

La chatte de mon frère avait cinq petits, qu'elle voulait à tout prix élever au poulailler. Là, une vieille poule blanche les adopta, les fourra sous elle comme s'ils étaient des poussins, et défia n'importe qui s'en approchait. Elle chassa même la chatte hors du poulailler.

Les petits ayant été emportés dans un autre nid, la poule les chercha jusqu'à ce qu'elle les eût trouvés.

Lorsqu'on lui offrit des poussins, elle refusa de s'en occuper.

On fut forcé d'emmener la chatte et ses petits dans la maison.

Tales Before Bedtime

Carrots

IT was too bad to call poor Caroline "Carrots" just because her curly mop of hair was so red; but the boys at home would do it because they knew it teased her.

It was the same when she went to Miss Rowe's kindergarten school. The very first morning a rude boy named Alec, who was told to show her the way to the garden, said "Come along, Carrots!"

Then, of course, all the other children laughed, and from that time Caroline was known as Carrots at school as well as at home.

Alec pretended to warm his hands over her fiery curls, and if a donkey passed the school-room window everyone would cry: "Whoa, Neddy! Here are some carrots!"

Sometimes poor Caroline cried when they teased her, and she would have given a great deal to have been born with nice brown or black hair.

Dicky, her youngest and naughtiest brother, made a hair-dye of ink one day, and persuaded Caroline to dip her unlucky head into it. But this only caused trouble with Jane, their old nurse, who was very angry indeed.

"Now, it's no good making a fuss," scolded Jane. "You're a lucky girl to have curls at all."

But Caroline would have exchanged her red curls for locks as straight as pokers of any other colour.

Then, one day, Miss Rowe told all the children that she was going to teach them to act a little fairy play.

"The play is called the Laughing Princess," said Miss Rowe, and every little girl in the school hoped and hoped that she would be chosen to be the Princess.



Caroline was a Princess

"The Princess laughs all the time because her fairy god-mother gave her nice, bright, cheerful red hair for a christening gift," went on Miss Rowe. "Now, let me see. Who has red hair? Caroline, step out, please."

So Caroline stepped out, and before long she became a princess with a crown on her red curls, and Alec carried her train.

All the other little girls wished they had red hair, and Caroline enjoyed being a Laughing Princess so much that she never cries now, not even when she is called Carrots!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

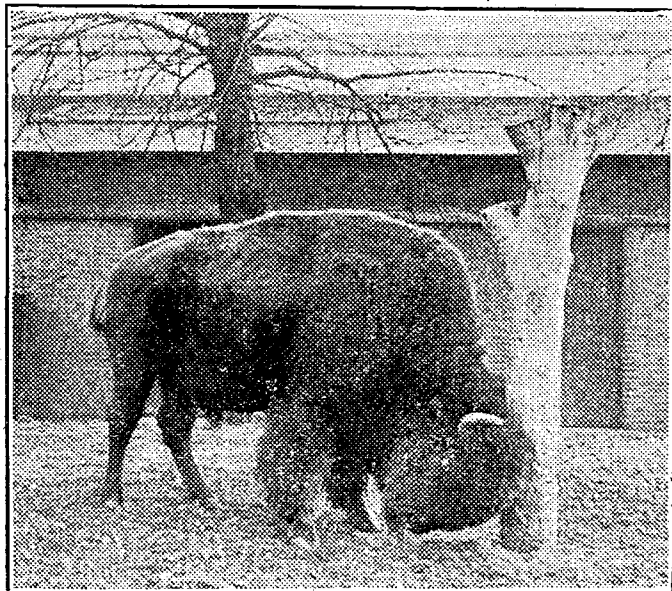
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 8, 1923

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

YOUNGEST MAYORESS • FIREMAN'S LIFE-LINE • WINTER SPORTS BEGIN



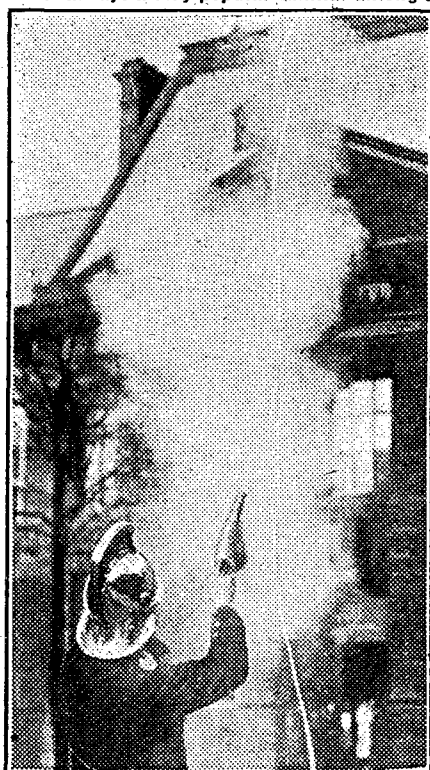
The Bison Takes His Exercise—The bison at the London Zoo is quite happy in his strange surroundings, and every morning he takes exercise by rushing with terrific force at the trunk of a tree set up in his enclosure. He is always a very popular animal among the visitors to the Gardens.



England's Youngest Mayoress—The youngest mayoress in England is Miss Gladys Billingham, a charming girl of 16, daughter of the Mayor of Chatham.



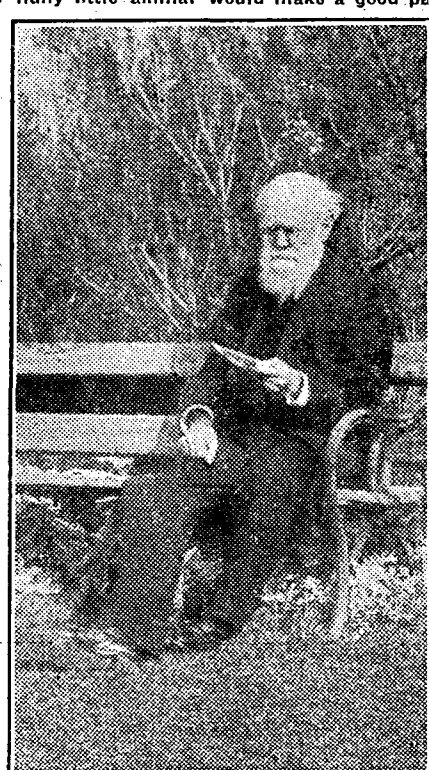
A New Arrival in London—Among a number of animals which recently arrived in London, and are destined to be bought for Christmas presents, is a curious little four-months-old Malay bear, which is here seen feeding out of a frying-pan. The fluffy little animal would make a good pet.



The Fireman's Life-line—The superintendent of the Edinburgh Fire Brigade firing a new line-throwing pistol which placed a life-line across the top of the Art School building. It is a useful life-saving device.



The Quietest School in the World—This is the quietest school in the world, for the scholars, although so young, are wonderfully well behaved, and never speak or make any noise. This is not so surprising as it seems, for they are all dolls of a new kind just received from America. In appearance they are amazingly human and are in great demand for Christmas presents. Placed together, as in the picture, they make very happy groups.



John Clifford of Westbourne Park—Dr. Clifford, who died in the midst of his work among his friends, as he would have wished, is here reading letters on his last birthday, when he was 87. See pages 2 and 6.



Shipping the Ponies—A batch of Shetland ponies being shipped from the islands to the mainland in a small sailing boat. They are good sailors and keep quiet during the passage.



Winter Sports in England—Already winter sports have begun in England, as can be seen by this photograph of tobogganing, taken at Buxton College, in the Peak District, recently.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wace and Co. N/R